

ADELA NORTHINGTON,

A NOVEL.

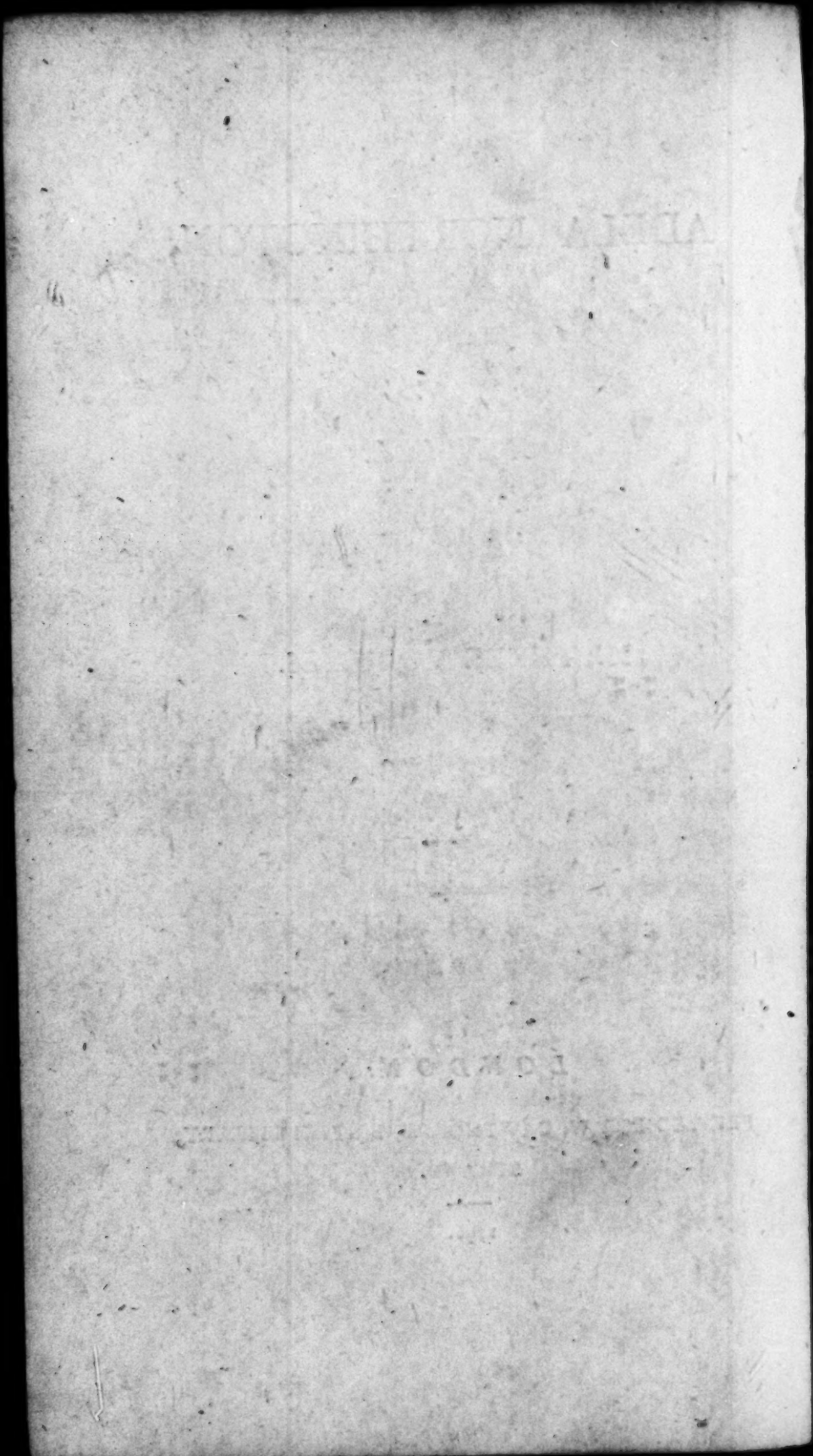
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N :

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1796.



ADELA NORTHINGTON.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A grateful Effusion.

DOES there exist a being, who can refuse the tear of sympathy, to the sufferings of the fair, but unfortunate Olivia Wentworth? If there lives a heart so callous to the eloquent call of injured innocence, perhaps, too, her cruel betrayer may escape the general abhorrence. Again may he flutter in the circle of pleasure, triumphant soaring above vulgar remorse—Again dissemble, and again destroy.

These were the sentiments of Mr. Lancaster, over whose aged cheeks the big

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drops

drops of generous pity coursed each other in quick succession, as he traced the sorrows of the ill-fated Olivia : but his emotions were infinitely surpassed by those of his fair friends. Gratitude was blended with horror and compassion, in the mind of Adela. She remembered the prayer of the morning.—Could she be enough thankful?—A few weeks more, and, but for this discovery, she had been numbered in the devastations of the rapacious Budenal.

“ Who,” said she, to Mrs. Delamaine, can dare to dispute the existence of a Providence ? How plainly does it speak to my heart ! The much-lamented death of Mr. Smith ; that illness which was the consequence of it ; and your unmerited attachment to me, have all been made the instruments of snatching me from impending destruction.—But for those circumstances, never should I have seen Spring-Vale—never, till too late, could I have known the sad particulars of this tale of woe ! Thus warned, is not my unconquerable indifference

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ence, bordering on aversion, an additional blessing?—Had I, like the fair Olivia, beheld him with the partial eyes of love, convinced as I must be of his baseness, yet, perhaps, at this moment, I should be but half grateful.”

The little Olivia sat on her lap, ardently gazing in her face—wept, when she wept; and, with an attention beyond her years, caught every syllable she uttered.

From the wife of an honest farmer, who was their near neighbour, and who occasionally visited Spring-Vale, Mrs. Delamaine procured some habiliments for her little charge. The good dame sent the best she had. Little Olivia, when equipped, viewed herself with wonder and admiration; and her benefactors were more than over charmed with their little ward. An excursion was proposed after dinner, to the next market town, where they might make some necessary purchases to accommodate the pretty fondling.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE infant prattle of the young Olivia, seated between Mrs. Delamaine and Adela, amused them, till they nearly arrived at their place of destination; when a horseman, attended by a servant, galloping to them, made the heart of Adela palpitate. The well-known livery first informed her it was Mr. Budenal!—She shuddered at the idea of meeting him, turned pale, and grasping the hand of Mrs. Delamaine—"How shall I support this scene?" In an instant her much-dreaded visiter stopped at the door of the chariot. His spirits were elevated to the highest pitch. Successful love, and more than common vivacity beamed in every look—made a thousand tender inquiries about Adela, spoke in raptures of his joy at again seeing her, declared two days absence from her appeared to him so many ages; and asked, who the lovely child was that
 seemed

seemed to possess so envied a share of her regard? To this inquiry Adela only replied, by a blush of indignation, she was extremely embarrassed, and ardently wished to be relieved from the distress occasioned by his presence. He looked surprized at the *bauteur* of her manner. Mrs. Delamaine was much more composed—she chatted to him with all the ease she could assume, inquired for their friends in Town; and was informed that the following day was to unite Miss Wells to Doctor Alton.—But compassionating the situation of Adela, (too inexperienced to conceal her disgust) she invited him to turn with them, and the postillion was ordered to drive on.

At the door of a linen-draper the carriage stopped. Mr. Budenal lifted Olivia out in his arms, again repeated his admiration of her, and caressed her with the utmost fondness, in compliment to Adela. His curiosity was strongly excited about her; but not daring to repeat his interrogations, as they had been before so unsuccessful, he

whispered them to Mrs. Delamaine, as they entered the shop. "She is a child of chance," she replied—"that Miss Northington and myself found in one of our rambles; and from an unaccountable whim, Lord Wentworth insists upon adopting her for his own." At the name of Lord Wentworth he started, wondering at his [being in that part of the world, as he believed him to be at Belle-Vue; and repeated, with warmth, Mrs. Delamaine's sentiment respecting Olivia: that it was a most unaccountable whim; adding, "but, perhaps, Madam, he may have reasons we cannot discover. People seldom make such adoptions for nothing." "It is very possible he may," replied Mrs. Delamaine, "but whatever they are, you, as his bosom-friend, will, I dare say, be made acquainted with them.— At present I am only his acting deputy; for, although a whim, I cannot but own it a laudable one, and therefore indulge it."

During this conversation, the linen-draper, at the request of Adela, was displaying

displaying his goods, and expatiating on their various merits. But Adela, who could make no choice, without the concurrence of her friend, turning round with something like peevishness in her aspect, solicited Mrs. Delamaine's attention to the business they came about. Mrs. Delamaine, well knowing to whom that peevishness was meant, with great complacency obeyed her summons; and Budenall seated himself by her side, placing on his knee the child, who seemed much more delighted with his caresses, than she had been with those of Lord Wentworth; and told him, "she loved him and the pretty lady," meaning Adela, "better than any body, except her grandy." Her innocent endearments affected him in a manner he had never before experienced—an irresistible something, to which he could not give a name, played about his heart; and for a time subdued the dæmon within him.

"Come hither my sweet Olivia, and let me measure the length of your frock," said

B 4

Adela.

Adela. Struck at that name which all his efforts could not banish from his memory, nor stifle the remorse with which it could not fail of being attended, he silently removed the child from his knee, while terror and conscious guilt shook every nerve; and deprived him of his wonted happy ease of manners. "A child of chance! her name—Olivia! Adopted by Lord Wentworth." It was striking! but why should he fear? "The dead cannot return to torment us; yet he trembled! A perhaps! a dreadful presage presented itself! In vain he said, intruder, hence!" The behaviour of Adela was so different from what it was when they parted in Hanover-Square, so expressive of real detestation, increased his doubts. Caprice was not an inmate of her heart; she was too just to hate without great cause. All his effrontery forsook him; he dared not to look Adela in the face; but, like the fallen Angel, felt

"How awful Goodness is!

Virtue, in her own shape—how lovely!"

A thousand

A thousand times he accused himself of most insufferable weakness, and strove to recall his scattered spirits; but this he could not effect. Cowardice, the constant attendant on guilt, haunted him; and fain would he have fled from the ghost of his own evil deeds.

The little Olivia returned, and clung around him with redoubled fondness. He traced her features with attention, and they brought to his remembrance an injured saint, who seemed to frown, and say, Justice! Justice! thou destroyer!

He even felt a wish to hate the pretty innocent, who would not quit his side; but found it impossible. The eye of Mrs. Delamaine did not for one moment quit him; and forming a pretty near judgment of the secret workings of his mind, she felt for him the strongest compassion; well assured, that no temporal sufferings, can equal the torments of a wounded conscience.

Impelled by this truly generous sensation, she told Adela, she was under a necessity of calling on a lady in the town, but begged she would return with the child, as Mr. Lancaster was alone, and send back the chariot for Mr. Budenal and herself; "for," said she, (addressing herself to him) "I must keep you to escort me." He politely acquiesced; and Adela, who understood the real motive of this proposal, rejoiced at so happy a release:—when Mr. Budenal led her back to the carriage, "Why," said he, "this unmerited change in your favour? Cruel! Miss Northington." The mild Adela, incapable of adding even to the distress of a character so degraded in her opinion, only answered, "Time, Sir, will, I trust, exculpate me from so severe a charge."

"Ah," said she, as the carriage drove off, "unhappy man, pity gets the better of abhorrence! What a scene is in store for you! for worlds I would not be present at it!

Poor

Poor Mrs. Delamaine, she has imposed on herself a severe task."

At Spring-Vale she found Lord Wentworth and Mr. Melville with Mr. Lancaster. She repeated their meeting with Mr. Budenal. "The affair has been most happily conducted, returned his Lordship: I would not meet the wretch, for I feel my very soul harrowed up, at the bare mention of his name; his feigned friendship heightens the injury; from such a hand it comes with redoubled iniquity; and I know, I know I should forget the dying request of poor Olivia." He was agitated beyond description—Mr. Melville entered into his emotions—"I never," said he, "liked that canting villain; I always felt an unconquerable disgust at him; his professions appeared to me overstrained: yet, at this moment, I feel for what he must suffer; from this *eclaircissement*. Ah! Wentworth, your sister will be sufficiently avenged, without your interposition. Recollect her dying words, "Leave him to the scourge of a guilty mind."

"But, come," continued he, "you forget they will soon be here, the chariot is sent back." "Yes," returned his Lordship, "I forget every thing. My mind is in a state of anarchy." He folded up the melancholy narration of his sister's woes, which Mr. Melville had been perusing, and put it in his pocket; the picture he hung about Olivia's neck. Mr. Melville admired her beauty; "She has the eyes of Budenal," says he, "every other feature is a striking resemblance of her mother." "May Heaven stamp her mind with excellence," replied Lord Wentworth, "or she is nothing."—They took their leave, and Adela retired to her apartment, (as she did not wish again to see Mr. Budenal) leaving Olivia with Mr. Lancafter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

RETIRED to her chamber, deeply intent on the past scenes, Adela, seated at her window, watched the appearance of the chariot for a considerable time, without success. She then fell into a deep reverie. Memory furnished her with a variegated retrospect; and imagination conducted her through its ærial sounds—Past, present, and future, arose to her view; and the story of the Nevilles was not forgotten. The active part, which Mr. Budenal took in their relief, and which secured him her esteem, now seemed a paradox. “Could a mind like his, be so warmly interested in the cause of humanity?” was her first reflection; but when she recollected it was merely as an introduction to her favour, it no longer appeared inexplicable: yet she could not avoid dwelling on the manner of their leaving Mrs. Lawton, and resolved again to see

see her, when she returned to Town. The sound of the chariot chased away reflection. Adela threw up the window, and looked out : Mrs. Delamaine was alone. Eager to know the reception her discovery had met with, and relieved from the dreaded presence of Budenal, she ran to meet her.

“ Where is he ? ” said she with earnestness — “ Returned to Town,” replied Mrs. Delamaine. “ And how did he support what you told him, Madam ? ” “ In a manner rather extraordinary,” returned her friend. “ He uttered not one word.” “ When the chariot returned, I ordered the postillion to drive round the town, and again stop at the linen-draper’s, to take in the parcels. With some difficulty I effected the painful explanation. His gestures were those of phrenzy; but he neither acknowledged his crime, nor attempted to excuse it. His manner shocked me, and I have seldom experienced a more distressing interval. At the linen-draper’s, he jumped out of the carriage. I would have asked him to come
here,

here, although I wished he might not ; but I had not the opportunity of putting him to the trial. The rapidity with which he left me, rendered it impossible ; he bowed to me after he quitted the carriage, and instantly disappeared. A kind of horror glared in his eye, which I can never forget."

Adela wept at this account ; she feared the worst of consequences ; she had been witness to the impetuosity of Budenal ; and, as a fellow-being, ardently wished evil might be to him, productive of good. Her mind was all anxiety ; she had written to Mrs. Lennard the day after her arrival at Spring-Vale, but received no answer. Miss Wells's nuptials accounted for the delay, but she wished her to be informed of their late revolutions ; it was highly necessary, but must be deferred till they met—she was unequal to the task of penning the sad particulars, and to relate a part, would be very unsatisfactory.

Warmly as Mrs. Lennard was devoted to the cause of Budenal, to Mrs. Delamaine
she

she related her fears. That lady acquiesced in their justness, and assured her she would endeavour to prevail on Mr. Lancaster to return to Town sooner than was at first intended.

Her promise was instantly put in execution, and attended with success. "Gladly would the friend of Mr. Lancaster sacrifice his own conveniency to render a service to his favourite Adela. The uncivil gout should submit to her. Contrary to its nature, he would force it to be gallant." In spite of the involuntary gloom, which Adela felt increasing on her spirits, it was impossible to refuse Mr. Lancaster that tribute to which his politeness was so justly entitled. Ever delighted with her innocent cheerfulness, his kind concession now, surely demanded it. Anxiety of mind, if not indulged, will in some measure, generally subside. This Adela now experienced; she opposed the intruder's entrance, and it vanished.

The

The next morning they were to leave Spring-Vale, and Mrs. Delamaine wrote to Mr. Melville, informing him of their intention, and of the manner of Budenal's departure. In an arbour, to which Adela was partial, Mrs. Delamaine ordered tea; she found it necessary to woo sweet cheerfulness to be of their party. She was at first rather shy; but at their joint intreaties, the lovely maid appeared, charming as ever, adorned with perpetual smiles.

On Mr. Lancaster she poured her gifts with more than usual profuseness. He possessed the talent of happy elocution. His wit, sparkling as ever, astonished all who heard him. His graceful manners, his elegant diction, could not fail of delighting those with whom he conversed. He had sacrificed, successfully, to the graces. He related, in a manner peculiar to himself, some anecdotes of his youth, highly interesting, and was amply repaid, by the pleasure they afforded Adela. "Could I," says he, "but brush off threescore years from
from

from my life, I would fall in love, and run off with you myself! But as matters are situated, I fancy I must look round me for a substitute—Will you abide by my choice? or have you a better opinion of your own?”

“From the specimen I have lately had,” replied Adela, “I am inclined to favour the latter.” “You have great reason,” said Mrs. Delamaine, “and I advise you to rely chiefly on that; it is, I believe, the truest guide; our predilections may be unhappy—in such a case the salutary lessons of experience, applied with delicacy, by the hand of friendship, may effect a cure; but whoever attempts to force the human heart, to point out its attachments and direct its choice, will generally subvert the very end at which they aim: for despicable must that soul be, who does not revolt against tyranny; and however the mild and gentle spirit may be intimidated by a sense of dependence, and awed into a blameable submission, the heart still maintains its rights, opposition renders
its

its attachments permanent, and its aversions are not to be conquered."

Adela's heart acknowledged the truth of these observations. But for the impolitic warmth, with which Mrs. Lennard had espoused the cause of Budenal, perhaps her heart might have receded from those apparently ill-grounded prejudices, which (in spite of all her efforts ; in spite of the severity she imposed on herself ; even supposing him the character which he at first appeared to be) would have rendered her completely wretched : although, as the too susceptible Olivia had sadly experienced, he was formed to charm the heart of woman, and successful love was his constant attendant till Adela was sent by Heaven to humble his arrogance, and punish his perfidy.

When the evening air warned Mr. Lancaster to seek a shelter more friendly to his years, than the leafy garment of an arbour, Mrs. Delamaine accompanied him into the house, but Adela rambled about the garden, played with Olivia, and, to chase away unpleasant

pleasant ideas, which she found watching for entrance, ornamented her with flowers like an Arcadian shepherdes, till the queen of night, rising with clouded majesty, gilded the scene, and a footman summoned them to supper.

The honest mistress of the cottage was mindful of her promise. Anxious to see her dear Miss Livy, she was an early visitor at Spring-Vale. Adela had not quitted her room, and her little charge was sleeping. Sarah, seated on the bed, kissed her repeatedly, till at length waked by her caresses, Olivia, unable to bear the first effusion of joy, burst into tears; and, throwing her arms about Sarah's neck, sobbed as if her little heart would break: nor was Sarah less affected; she pressed the child to her bosom, and hid her face.

The truly affectionate soul of this valuable woman, her genuine simplicity and native worth, how superior are they in the eye of true moral criticism, to all the false glitter of art! Adela was moved extremely

at

at this scene of nature—"Robert is down stairs," said Sarah, "he has brought you your little kitten." Miss Livy, delighted at this intelligence, desirous of seeing the old man, and equally desirous of again possessing her little pet, begged Sarah to dress her; but, before her request could be complied with, Mrs. Delamaine entered the room. After speaking to Sarah "I am the messenger of ill-news," said she to Adela, "Mr. Lancaster is very ill. I fear he has the gout in his stomach, and our journey is now impracticable." Adela lamented the disappointment, but much more the occasion of it. Olivia accompanied her old friend down stairs; and soon after the departure of their present guests, Lord Wentworth arrived, accompanied by Mr. Melville and Sir John Powell.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A Variety of reasons conspired to render the delay of their return to Town, distressing to Lord Wentworth. He saw the impropriety of Mrs. Lennard's remaining ignorant of Budenal's villainy; he feared some disagreeable consequences would ensue, and hinted his opinion to Mrs. Delamaine, who replied, " You know the impossibility of my now leaving Spring-Vale ; but happy as we are in the society of Miss Northington, her interest is much dearer to me than any satisfaction I can derive from her being here ; and I wish you could prevail on her to accompany you.

With this request his Lordship gladly complied—but in vain did he employ all his rhetoric to prevail on Adela. " Leave Mrs. Delamaine in such a situation ! no, she could not think of it." " As his Lordship was going to Town, she was well assured he would

would have the goodness to explain every thing to Mrs. Lennard's satisfaction; and render her going unnecessary, as the restoration of her health was the motive of her visit to Spring-Vale, and her return would not be expected till some weeks hence."

The illness of Mr. Lancaster increased rapidly. Adela shared with her friend the anxiety and care it caused; the worthy Sarah was their assistant, and, perhaps, contributed as much as the physician towards his recovery. Her unremitting assiduity and kind concern, heightened the regard of Mrs. Delamaine and Adela. Lord Wentworth again called at Spring-Vale, in his way to Town—from him Sarah received a present not inconsiderable, as an earnest of future favour. He was absent above a week—no intelligence could be obtained of him from Mr. Melville, and Adela began to be very uneasy from that cause and the unaccountable silence of Mrs. Lennard. Mr. Lancaster was again able to leave his room; when, one evening, as Adela was walking

walking in the garden, she was surprized at the appearance of Sir John Powell. She trembled—she knew not why, and enquired for Lord Wentworth—He is gone on to Willow-Place, but will see you in the morning, said Sir John, and they entered the house together.

Adela dreaded making any enquiry about Mr. Budenal; much as she wished it; but before Sir John took his leave, he called Mrs. Delamaine aside, and delivered a letter from Lord Wentworth—she was rather alarmed. “I hope Sir John,” said she, “there has been no mischief through Budenal.” He shook his head, and left her. She opened the letter with perturbation.

DEAR MADAM,

As the friend of humanity, and Miss Northington, I supplicate your assistance at this period. To the claims of distress I know you are ever attentive; and when I tell you that there cannot well exist a being more perfectly wretched than him
who

who now addresses you, I cannot for a moment doubt your compliance with my request.

Immediately on my arrival in Town, I went to Hanover-square; but Mrs. Lennard was not at home. The next morning I called again, and, with some difficulty, gained admittance. She was surrounded with some of those pests of society, which to you I need not describe. I was received with an *bauteur*, bordering on rudeness; and, after listening some time to the just imported anecdotes of Miss Grillard, &c. &c. begged to speak with Mrs. Lennard apart. But the instant I pronounced the name of Miss Northington, she assumed the air of a fury. "If," says she, "my Lord you are her emissary, spare yourself the trouble of saying any more. Tell her I am acquainted with her shameful conduct; I am no stranger to her arts, her monstrous ingratitude; and give her up to the effects of her baseness. In my house she will no more find a home. But I shall write her, my

Lord, and am sorry you should have undertaken so despicable an office."

She waited not a reply, but left me to digest what she had said. Amazement, for a time, deprived me of recollection; and reason shewed me it would be in vain to argue with a woman, blinded by passion, prejudice, and self-love, I well knew where all this must have originated, and went in search of the unprincipled villain, but he had left Town. I went to Heath-Hill, but he was not there. Concluding he had fled from that vengeance, so justly due to his atrocious crimes, I was again returning to Town, and, just as I entered it, met the wretch in his own phaeton. It is impossible to describe his consternation; he attempted to avoid me, but in vain; I insisted on speaking with him; he could not refuse to do this. We adjourned to a neighbouring tavern. The injuries of my murdered sister arose to my remembrance, more than ever glaring, but that was not my present business. I only questioned him about

Miss

Miss Northington. The coward trembled; but desperation made him answer with insolence. Unable to bear any more, I bade him draw his sword. Mine was guided by justice, and at the second thrust entered his body.

He is conducted to his own house, I know no more. My friend Powell forces me from Town. I only stay to pen this. Ah, Budenal! I hope our forgiveness is mutual. Would to God thy punishment had been inflicted by another hand!

To you, Madam, I make this ardent request. Palliate this tale of complicated distress, to your charming Adela!—Support the injured girl!—Pardon my presumption, madam, I know not what I say! You are too thoroughly acquainted with her excellence, to need such a petitioner. As soon as the violence of my emotions are subsided, I shall again be an intruder at Spring-Vale. At all times I am

Your devoted

WENTWORTH.

Fearful of communicating to Adela, the melancholy contents of this epistle, Mrs. Delamaine put it in her pocket and returned to the parlour. Adela was inquisitive about her conversation with Sir John, and Mrs. Delamaine told her that Lord Wentworth and Mr. Budenal had met, and that the latter was wounded, but mentioned not a syllable of the letter. This was enough to plant daggers in the soul of Adela; she naturally supposed the account was softened, and the image of the wretched Budenal martyred by his crimes, took possession of her mind.

Yet as she could not in any degree accuse herself as the cause or occasion of this unhappy affair, her sensations respecting him were such as every feeling heart must experience in similar circumstances. She lamented, as a fellow-creature the miseries he had drawn on himself, and mourned the man unmindful of his faults.

But when she turned her thoughts to Lord Wentworth, she felt a sorrow widely different.

different. If, as she feared, his sword had been the executioner of the being he had so lately called by the sacred name of friend, who could form a just idea of the poignant anguish of his soul? True, he might be deemed the vicegerent of Heaven, commissioned to avenge the cause of injured innocence. Thus the world might argue, but not so Lord Wentworth. Adela knew the precepts of Heaven were engraven on his soul. She had heard him say, "Vengeance belongs to the Omnipotent! Shall the weak arm of man be lifted up against his command? Forbid it every thing that's just and good! Preserve me from this daring offence against the Majesty of Heaven!" Yet the very man who had uttered this sentiment, was hurried away by a strong sense of injury, perhaps, to commit an action, which must plant the stings of remorse in his bosom, never to be rooted out. In vain may the lenient hand of time strive to extract them. They follow him through life, with deep corroding anguish,

and in the arms of death alone can he hope for a release.

Ah, Adela, hadst thou known it was in your cause, Wentworth had forgotten himself, how would it have heightened thy concern! But this discovery was reserved for another hand.

The image of death, Lord Wentworth, made an early visit at Spring-Vale. His distressful appearance affected Adela beyond the power of concealment. Her tears fell fast on a handkerchief which lay on her lap. She left the room. His Lordship enquired if she was acquainted with the conduct of Mrs. Lennard? and when Mrs. Delamaine informed him in what manner she had proceeded, he warmly applauded it. Conceal the reality from her as long as possible, Madam, says he, it cannot fail of being known too soon. I tremble at the consequences; but at present she must not know it. Let her still believe it was the cause of my injured sister in which I drew my sword. But the delay
of

of Mrs. Lennard's promised letter, I wonder at. I feared it would be here before me. Should it now come, you will, I hope, use the liberty of friendship. In such a case over delicacy would be cruel. Through you, Madam, the rigid sentence, which I fear it will contain, will strike with less severity.

Mrs. Delamaine assured his Lordship of her concurrence with every thing that could contribute to the happiness of Adela; and he bade her adieu! saying, he expected some intelligence of Budenal by the servant of Sir John Powell, who was left behind for that purpose.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN spite of all Mrs. Delamaine's efforts, melancholy reigned at Spring-Vale. Mr. Lancaster, scarcely recovered from his late severe attack, participated in the gene-

ral dejection ; and the innocent playfulness of Olivia increased it with them all. She was seated by Adela, in a window which looked into an avenue leading to the house ; when, suddenly exclaiming, " Look here's a gentleman coming up the walk." Adela immediately knew it to be Budenal's valet. He brought Mrs. Delamaine a message from his master, begging to see her before he died : " But," added the man, " I fear that is impossible ; the surgeon has pronounced his wounds mortal, and nothing would satisfy him but my coming here. Immediately on my being brought home, his first request was to see Mrs. Lennard. I went to her house, but she had left Town some days, and the servants told me she was gone to Ireland with Doctor Alton and his Lady, who are just married." Mrs. Delamaine could not hesitate a moment in what manner to act ; it was no time for delay. At first she proposed going alone, but this was strongly opposed by Mr. Lancaster ; nor was Adela less averse. It was therefore

fore determined they should all go ; and while the carriage was getting ready, Mrs. Delamaine wrote an account of those particulars to Mr. Melville, and just as they were stepping into the carriage, he joined them. By him they were made acquainted with the effect Mrs. Delamaine's letter produced at Willow Place. It was with the utmost difficulty that Sir John Powell and himself prevented Lord Wentworth from being their escort to Town ; but Sir John was now endeavouring to prevail on his Lordship to accompany him in a tour to Paris, long since proposed, to visit the only sister of Sir John, married to a nobleman of that court. True, it was anticipating their scheme ; but surely no time could be more *a propos* than the present, when England could not fail of perpetually recalling heart-rending ideas to the mind of the deserving Alfred. " But will he not remember my Olivia ?" enquired Mrs. Delamaine. " Of that there can be no doubt," replied Mr. Melville ; she is, I am well assured, one of

his principal concerns—but I shall see him again before he leaves England, should he comply with the intreaty of Powell as his extreme anxiety respecting Budenal is the chief reason of my going to Town.

The uneasiness of Adela, during this conversation, did not pass unobserved by Mr. Lancaster. The moments are precious, let us not waste them. Mrs. Delamaine acknowledged the rebuke to be just but her anxiety for Lord Wentworth was an excuse readily admitted by them all.

With amazing velocity they performed their journey to Town, but Adela's impatience far outran the chariot wheels, although they moved with such rapidity, that the steed of Mr. Melville could not keep pace with them. Adela was sat down with Mr. Lancaster in Burlington-street, and Mrs. Delamaine proceeded, with Olivia, on her melancholy visit.

The valet enquired of the servant that opened the door, if his master still lived? and being answered in the affirmative, Mrs.

Delamaine

Delamaine desired he would first inform him of her being there. Her request was complied with, and in an instant he returned to conduct her to a scene of which my pen is insufficient to give a just description. The extreme gloom of the chamber conveyed the strongest idea of funeral solemnity. The curtains were close drawn around the bed, and in an elbow chair by the side of it, sat a tall thin man, dressed in black. He arose when Mrs. Delamaine entered, and opening the curtains, spoke to Budenal, who faintly replied, "she is much too good," and desired him to undraw the curtains on the other side. He did so, and discovered a young female sitting on the bed bathed in tears, Budenal's hand clasped in hers. May Heaven reward you Madam, said he, fixing his eyes on Mrs. Delamaine, for this condescension ! be witness to all the reparation now in my power to make for past offences. He paused, then pressing the hand of the lady to his lips, "This," continued he, "is my first and last wedded wife, my much

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injured

injured Ezalinda. You look surprized, Madam; you have, I doubt, not heard the name before—it is she whom Miss Northington rescued from the abyss of misery, into which I plunged her, by that angel whom I tremble to name—your lovely Adela. Yes, I am that barbarous Arthur! and my only remaining wishes now are, to receive her pardon, bless my child, and die.—Exhausted, he sunk on his pillow. The tears of Ezalinda flowed afresh, and Mrs. Delamaine was moved with sympathetic sorrow. He was silent many minutes; they believed him asleep, and Mrs. Delamaine arose, but suddenly starting, he exclaimed, “Cruel people you imitate me, it is just it should be so!” Yet the gentle Adela would not act thus: no, she could not refuse a poor dying wretch her forgiveness, the sight of my own infant too, Would she deny that? Ah, no! But you are fiends sent to torment me before the time.

Phrenzy glared in his eye; he endeavoured to get out of the bed, but the gentleman

gentleman in black, (whom Mrs. Delamaine now found to be a clergyman) held him while Ezalinda rang for the servants. He struggled to get free, and raved exceedingly. "Look, look," says he, "there is the murdered Olivia too! she frowns at her forgiving brother, and threatens him with vengeance, if he ever pardons such a wretch as me. "Who, says my friend Alfred," "made this deep wound here?" Liar, its false as hell! I tell you I did it myself.—Stop, stop, Olivia, don't fleet away so fast. I come, I come, to appease your angry ghost. Unable to bear this scene of deep distress, Ezalinda fainted in the arms of Mrs. Delamaine, and the servants conveyed them both out of the room. Ezalinda soon recovered, by the friendly assistance of Mrs. Delamaine, and the gentlemen of the faculty who attended Mr. Budenal, joined them, and united their efforts to console his almost broken hearted wife.—"Ah, my God!" says he, "snatch him not from me, just as he is become fit to live." They assured

assured her from his wounds there was now very little danger, and the violent delirium in which she left him, was much abated.

Ezalinda wept in agony, and it relieved her heart. A gentleman entered the room, leading Olivia, whom he had taken from the house-keeper. His appearance instantly prepossessed Mrs. Delamaine in his favour. Every feature bore the stamp of sorrow, it wrinkled his face, and bent his body early indeed. Yet there was a manly grace in his deportment, that commanded universal respect. How different from the affected superiority of pedants, who wish to appear what nature never designed them for, and only labour to be more contemptible, by striving to impress the world with a high sense of their importance ! With the very refuse of mankind, such false metal may pass current ; but soon must the garish deception be discovered from sterling ore, by the keen eye of truth, and consigned to the fate it merits. But in the conductor of Olivia, beamed forth the rays of an elevated mind,

mind, adorned by the virtues, and superior to every species of affectation. From his face Mrs. Delamaine turned her eye to Ezalinda, and beheld his softened image. Her introduction was, therefore, superfluous ; she knew it to be Mr. Neville. But to his ear, the name of Mrs. Delamaine was a stranger ; however, by those fine cords which draw congenial minds together, a mutual cordiality was soon effected. Ignorant of every thing respecting Olivia, he enquired of his daughter, to whom she belonged ? but the explanation remained for Mrs. Delamaine, and in return she obtained the following intelligence.

Mr. Budenal was the heir of that general, who married that lovely victim of mammon, Miss Seymore. Her adopted daughter was the object of his impetuous love. A mixture of strong passions and deep art, formed his character ; but the former was predominant, and impelled him to a marriage which he soon repented. The phantom which deluded him, soon
disappeared,

disappeared, and, when too late, he found it was a deception. Maddened at the disappointment, he vented all his rage on the unoffending Ezalinda. But, as the debt of gratitude, she never would have loved him, What then must be her sufferings? After her heart was gained by all those means, which, unperceived, steal our affections from us, thus to be rewarded.

Deserted! persecuted! spurned at like a guilty wretch, cruel return! Budenal, eagerly in search of what still eluded his pursuit, feeling in his soul a void which nothing but a real and mutual love could fill up, believed he should possess it in the sister of Lord Wentworth. Like a bold murderer he desperately resolved to obtain her, or die in the attempt. Again he was successful, but again was disappointed. He was regardless of any thing but his own gratifications. The true cause of his inhuman desertion was a new flame; he followed a married lady to France. Long he ranged the gay circles of Italy and all those

those climes where pleasure revels at large, but remained still unsatisfied. Weary of dissipation, and believing Olivia dead, again he returned to England, resolved to establish the character of a worthy man. He possessed the appearance of every virtue, but suffered not one to inhabit his heart. He pressed to his bosom the friend he had injured past reparation, and spared nor wife nor parent that dared to oppose him.

This was his own confession to Mr. Neville; Ezalinda left the room while it was repeated to Mrs Delamaine, and such additions made to it as were necessary for the information of that lady. "Miss Northington he declared the only woman he could ever truly love;" "my affection for her," says he, "is so widely different from what I ever did or ever can experience for any other woman, as is the distance between earth and heaven. She is commissioned to avenge the rest; ah! Why did I behold her thus late? Daring wretch that I am to question unerring Wisdom!

But

But, oh ! Adela, the idea of thee drives me to madness ! Thou never must be mine, and I cannot live without thee ! It is not Wentworth, but you who stabs at the heart of the wretched Edward ! Again will I marry your Ezalinda, said he to Mr. Neville, do justice to my child, and die." — " This," added Mr. Neville, " he has done ; their hands were again united this morning, and his fortune is divided between his wife and daughter. Much remains for explanation, said he, but I defer it until I see Miss Northington." Mrs. Delamaine acquiesced, and took her leave, promising to see them again soon.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The umerited Desertion.

IN Burlington-street Mrs. Delamaine found an additional cause of disquiet. The much-dreaded letter from Mrs. Lenard unfortunately arrived during her absence.

fence. Adela, pale as death, gave it her as soon as she entered. These were the cruel contents.

"It is surely needless to enumerate the motives that first induced me to take you under my protection, and equally so to add that such was their nature, that, but for your unpardonable conduct, in me you would have found a friend through life. But to harbour in my bosom a viper, who every moment poisons my felicity, is not to be expected. Long have I seen and lamented your extreme vanity, pride and obstinacy, glazed over by that apparent humility and gentleness which at first deceived me, and will, I doubt not, deceive others.

Your inexcusable *hauteur* to the dearest friend of my soul, first opened my eyes, and shewed me your real character. I will not stoop to contaminate my pen with a recital of the late affair; your own heart must convince you I am just in consigning you over to those, whose friendship you prefer
to

to mine. May you find them more sincere, and every way more zealous to promote your happiness, and, when you discover your error, as I am well assured will soon be the case, return to me. You shall not want a support, as the relation (although very distant) of my mother: but to dwell under the same roof, is for ever at an end. Yet, as your destruction would sincerely grieve me, I cannot avoid obtruding on you, perhaps, unwelcome counsel. Beware of that fartful dissembler, Wentworth. Foolish, credulous girl, for him you have given up your brightest prospects! And what do you expect in return? Were he inclined, you could not be his wife. His paternal estate, barely sufficient (when unincumbered) to support his rank, now bends beneath a load of debts.

This advice, perhaps, will meet with no better reception than what I have hitherto offered; but as your ingratitude cannot excuse the discharge of my duty, with this you will receive a bill for your support,
until

until my return to England. If you wish to avoid ruin, retire to Barton, it is the fittest place for a mind of your cast. There you may board in some decent family ; and, although you have counteracted the hopes I had of raising you to a rank which I now fear you would only have disgraced, if you possess prudence enough to withdraw from your present connections, (to whose kind assistance in your schemes you are undoubtedly much indebted) and without acquainting them of your intentions, retire to the place of your birth, you may still experience the friendship of

EMMA LENNARD."

Greatly did our deserted orphan stand in need of the consoling arguments of her friends at this trying period. Mrs. Lennard she well knew must be deceived by tales of falsehood, she could not know the truth, it was impossible.

But the soul of Adela revolted at her cruelty and injustice in so easily yielding to
the

the efforts of malignity, and in accusing her, from her own knowledge, of faults, of which, when she appealed to the unerring tribunal within, she could not trace a vestige, unless a noble pride arising from conscious rectitude and dignity of mind, must be numbered as one of them. A deep sense of injury now made her feel all its force—"I will never stoop to undeceive this unjust woman," said she, "to deprive me of the power of instantly vindicating my conduct, argues her willingness to believe the worst. Yes, she wishes to be rid of an incumbrance, and she is satisfied. I will trouble her no more.

"But as to the acceptance of the bill, want of an address only prevents its immediate return." "Keep it, Madam," continued she, giving it to Mrs. Delamaine, "I disdain its acceptance; for my sake keep it till you see the owner, and tell her, though she casts me off, I still possess a friend—A friend," repeated she with energy, raising her streaming eyes to heaven,
 "of

“ of whom none but myself can ever deprive me. Yet, Mrs. Lennard, I will not, I cannot forget benefits received. This grateful heart, unmindful of the present stroke, shall be lifted up continually for your welfare. In one instance I will obey your injunctions, I will go to Barton; for where else can I expect protection? In the society of my Louisa—in the parental love of Mrs. Smith I shall be happy, amid the frowns of fortune. Perhaps through their interest I may be received into some family; I will strive to subdue the pride of blood, forget the delicacy of my education, and eat the humble bread of labour.”

Her tears no longer flowed; innate content, and meek submission to the will of Heaven animated her countenance, and won the heart of all present warmly to espouse her cause and condemn her late benefactress. Mr. Melville participated, sincerely, in her distress; but, unable to express his sensations, they were only known by the impressions of generous concern that marked every

every feature, and was silently rewarded by her who excited them. Mrs. Delamaine now regretted her not having prepared Adela for this adverse stroke, by relating, at least, a part of Lord Wentworth's intelligence; but who could foresee its arrival at a time so *mal a propos*. She knew herself one of the principals, ranked by Mrs. Lennard, under the head of present connections, and resolved to be the friend of Adela. "You must not be dejected," said she, "all who know you will stand forth your warm protectors on such an occasion; consider me as one of them; never will I desert your interest."

"Thoroughly am I convinced of your disinterested, generous attachment," replied Adela, "scarcely able to suppress those tears recalled by the tenderness of Mrs. Delamaine, do not attribute it to pride; but I cannot remain in London, you know I never liked it; and now I have lost the friend that bound me to it, why should I persecute myself? why withhold those joys
for

for which I sigh ; that peaceful serenity which awaits me in my native spot ? “ And let me, Madam,” continued she, clasping the hand of Mrs. Delamaine, “ boast the acquisition of one treasure, a treasure which I value high — the continuance of your affection. With this I will return to Barton, and think the few months I have spent here, most happily employed. On the one hand it has taught me the fallacy of depending on the giddy sons and daughters of unrestrained dissipation. On the other I see the sacred forms of genuine friendship, and that charity which comprehendeth all things descended from her native skies and illuminating the dark abodes of the unworthy children of men.”

Mrs. Delamaine was unable to conceal her emotions ; she struggled with the tender tear which Adela undesignedly extorted : she was one of those, who possessing true benevolence instead of making a parade of it, seem to think it a weakness, and wish to conceal it from every eye, the purposed end

of every action, the employment in which she chiefly delighted. "Why," said Adela with energy, "should I blush? Why be intimidated by a too scrupulous delicacy from doing justice to a character, towards whom my heart, at this moment, glows with affection and gratitude? Blush, rather, ye cold-hearted beings, who would blame my zeal in such a cause!" She pressed the extended hand of Mrs. Delamaine to her lips, and bedewed it with her grateful tears.

Gladly would that worthy woman have avoided speaking of Budenal's situation, until the present distress should be abated; but the solicitude of Adela would not admit of its concealment. She was extremely shocked at the account of his delirium, but when she heard of poor Ezalinda, who can describe the surprize by which she was agitated. The joy she felt at finding she had not been deceived in her opinion of this much-injured woman, and her worthy father? "Then I am happy," said she,
 " on

“on this score. A persecuted wife, a friendless orphan relieved, it gladdens my heart! Yet I tremble when I reflect on the deep art of the wretched Budenal; it made me fear they were impostors, and I cannot but regret the hard lot of her, whose fate is linked with a character so depraved; on whom I much fear, a thorough reformation is among the number of impossibilities. And still she loves him—strange inconsistency, after the treatment she has experienced! It shews us the unhappy nature of woman, in general. Our attachments are too permanent. Whether of choice or gratitude, when once the heart is fixed, even cruelty will seldom break the bonds. But I am all impatience to see my poor Ezalinda; she is too good to hate me, although I am her innocent rival in the affections of her husband. I must go, said she sighing, the mystery is but half explained.—“Have some mercy on yourself child, I intreat you” said Mr. Lancaster, “do not fancy you are such an heroine!”

But still Adela persisted she must see Ezalinda; she was all anxiety about the fate of Budenal. "But you shall not stir at present," added Mrs. Delamaine, "I lay my positive commands on you, and will be obeyed; I only wish you could be made conscious of your weakness, and not fancy yourself possessed of an Amazonian spirit, when, in reality, you are not equal to bear up against the common occurrences of life—and all this is mere affectation." "Come," continued she, "we will call on Lady Urfell and Mr. Melville will, I am well assured, undertake the visit to Mrs. Budenal, and join us there."

Long had Mr. Melville been silent, deeply intent on the passing scene, but he now declared himself always honoured by the command of Miss Northington. With some reluctance, Adela complied with the wish of her friend, and they went out *en trio*, leaving Mr. Lancaster his little favorite Olivia to amuse him during their absence.

CHAPTER XXX.

“**Y**OU vile, stupid, abominable creature,” said a shrill voice as they entered the lobby of Sir William Urfell, “come here, why you have made me a perfect fright, what do you leave me for, send for Gavot and never let me see your face again, you horrid wretch! So you won’t come. John, tell Betty to come here, and go immediately for my hair-dresser, that creature has ruined my hair—I sha’n’t be myself again this twelvemonth.”

This very lady like harangue, astonished Mrs. Delamaine; she knew it to be the scream of Miss Urfell; it seemed very near them. Lady Urfell was in the drawing-room, and on the first landing-place they met the angry Harriet, coming down stairs in great wrath to scold her poor maid, who had left her to the effects of her unmerited passion, and by that means increased it.

Tears of spite ran over her cheek. She had not sense enough to be ashamed of her conduct, but repeated her sad complaints to Mrs. Delamaine. "See my dear Ma'm," said she, "how the provoking animal has spoilt my hair, and after making a figure of me, ran away because I was angry with her." "It looks very well I think," replied Mrs. Delamaine, "and believe me the distortions of anger does more injury to that pretty face, than any dress can effect."

The compliment, blended with this reproof, rendered it palatable, and the features of Miss Ursell relaxed into an unmeaning simper. She coolly addressed Adela, who blushed at her excessive absurdity, and returning to her chamber somewhat pacified, they entered the drawing-room.

Lady Ursell was alone, the image of deep melancholy, which perhaps had been increased by the glaring folly of her only remaining daughter. The contrast it could not fail of presenting her with, must surely
rend

rend the heart of a sensible parent—How greatly is such a mother to be pitied, instead of finding consolation in the child. Heaven had left her, she seemed sent in judgement! Her parents trembled whenever she opened her lips; and as such a character is incapable of listening to the voice of reason, their errors are irremediable. Incapable of judging on any subject, they imagine the only method of supporting their importance, is an invariable opposition to the counsels of their friends. Thus obstinacy, petulance, and insolence, hold them in perpetual slavery, and render them the torment of all around them; for how seldom is real sweetness of temper, or rectitude of heart, connected with a weak understanding. It is often attended by a degree of low cunning, which imposes on superficial observers; but observe them well, soon will the vizard fall off, and discover their native deformity.

In the reception which Mrs. Delamaine and Adela met with from Lady Ursell, was

a formal coldness, widely different from her usual manner ; but she was the child of sincerity, and could not long conceal the cause. It was the representations of Mrs. Lennard ; but when Mrs. Delamaine related every circumstance of Budenal's conduct, how was she amazed ? “ Mrs. Lennard has surely been deceived,” she exclaimed ; in this opinion Mrs. Delamaine united, but when her Ladyship read that cruel letter, which Adela had just received, and found Mrs Lennard's resolution did not originate from the present *fracas*, but from a disgust to the disposition and temper of Adela, her surprize was increased, and a reconciliation appeared impracticable. Such an opinion, whether just or not, could scarcely be eradicated by argument ; she beheld it in the same light with Adela ; it betrayed a wish of throwing her off, and convinced her, that cordiality was entirely at an end between them ; at least as inmates of the same dwelling. But her heart bled for Adela, flattered with a transient

sient gleam of affluence, and thus suddenly reduced again to poverty. She kindly assured her of her friendship, and Harriet joined them, restored to perfect good-humour by the wonder-working skill of Gavot and the contemplation of her own sweet person, and entertained them by a repetition of her woman's insolence, (whom she had discharged, and made a substitute of one of the chambermaids) adding an eulogium on the unrivalled excellence of the divine.

In spite of the recent *desagremens* with which Mrs. Delamaine had been embarrassed, her unusual gravity was diverted by the absurdities of Harriet. Mrs. Delamaine had the happy power of turning into raillery, those occurrences that often extorted a sigh from Adela, who could not bear to see human nature degraded. "When did you see Mr. Melville?" said Harriet, addressing Mrs. Delamaine, he has been with you I hear in the country. "It is very true," replied that Lady, "and he

accompanied us to Town." "Lord you don't say so!" exclaimed Harriet, "for Heaven's sake where is he now!" "Oh! he will soon be here." "But what have you done with Lord Wentworth?" rejoined she. "Well Mamma, I almost think, really, there could be no truth in what Miss Grillard told us." Lady Urfell changed color, and winked. This was an impolitic step. It determined Harriet to do the very thing she wished to prevent. "La! Miss Northington," said she, "we have been all so surprized about you, we heard you had ran off with Lord Wentworth, but I am glad to find 'tis not true." Adela, covered with confusion, was incapable of making any reply. Lady Urfell seemed shocked; but Mrs. Delamaine, laughing, asked if Miss Grillard was the author of this intelligence? "Yes," replied Harriet, "she told us poor Miss Northington was ruined; but I dare say it was entirely her own scheme, for she was always rather spiteful. "I think," returned Mrs.

Mrs. Delamaine, " the presence of Miss Northington is a sufficient proof of its falsehood. " Come," continued she to Adela, " I hope you don't look grave at such stuff; why, it is only fit to be laughed at." But to Adela it appeared in a much more serious light, and her chagrin could only be diverted by more important matters.—The appearance of Mr. Melville aroused her; she forgot her wrongs, and eagerly enquired for Budenal. " It is not believed he can live many hours," was his reply, " I have been with him, and he earnestly requests to see you and his child." They instantly took their leave, and Mr. Melville hastened back to Burlington-street, for Olivia. At Mr. Budenal's they were shewn into a parlour, where was Ezalinda and her father; Adela embraced her afflicted friend, with the utmost tenderness, and they wept in each others arms. The emotion of Mr. Neville was too powerful for utterance; he pressed her hand to his lips; " Fain would I tell you," said he, laying his hand on his breast, " what

passes here, but it cannot be. He called her angel, invoked eternal blessings on her head, and Ezalinda led her to the chamber of woe. "So I would have it," said the author of all their sorrow, as they approached his bed—"May amity subsist between you, and such a wretch as I have been never start up to interrupt your peace." Ezalinda retired. "Miss Northington; dear, charming Adela," said he, in a voice scarcely articulate, "say you forgive me, and go. Oh! how unconscious was I of my weakness, to wish this interview; I cannot bear it. "Yet, say you pardon me," repeated he, holding out his hand, "I shall expire in peace."

"Think not of me, I am not injured; compose yourself and all may yet be well," replied the lovely girl, with a voice interrupted by her emotions, "what you will marry Wentworth!" exclaimed he starting up in the bed; "No, I tell you I will never live to behold that." Alarmed, she turned from him. "In mercy do not leave me," said

said he—Hush ! the tempest within is subsiding, it will soon be calm, a moment's patience and I have done ; but tell me, did you not say you would marry my friend ? that Alfred, wronged by me, beyond redress — I thought I heard you say so." Adela assured him, she never even thought it. " Then all is well," said he ; " but what do I say, it is impossible you can pardon my barbarous intentions toward yourself—my cruel arts respecting Ezalinda. " Name them no more," replied Adela, " I beseech you, do not thus agitate yourself, by me all is forgotten ; you only distress me by this unkind repetition." Again he stretched out his hand, in token of perfect reconciliation ; she gave him her's, " Blessed creature !" said he, " if crimes like mine can be forgiven, perhaps we may meet again."

During this scene, Olivia was brought into the room ; Adela led her to her father ; he silently took her in his arms ; she softened the tumult of his soul. He embraced her,
 blessed

bleſſed her repeatedly, and wept; then fixing his eyes on his own portrait, that hung at her boſom, “ Ah,” ſaid he, “ what bitter accuſations does this recall! I will add to it the image of thy mother.” “ Take her from me,” added he, “ with a beſeeching look at Adela.” She obeyed him. “ Adieu,” ſaid he, hiding his face with the bed cloaths!” “ Adieu for ever!”—His paſt offences were totally obliterated from the generous ſoul of Adela. Dear as he was to Ezalinda, ſhe could not feel more real concern; Mr. Melville led her out of the room, and in the parlour they formed a weeping circle.

CHAPTER XXXI.

“ **T**ELL me,” ſaid Adela, “ when Mrs. Budenal was ſummoned to the apartment of her huſband? “ Tell me, Mr. Neville, what occaſioned your ſo ſuddenly
leaving

leaving Mrs. Lawson?" "That artifice," replied he, "which occasioned our other distress. A letter signed with your name, was brought me, saying a coach would be sent the following morning, to convey Ezalinda and myself to the country seat of Mrs. Lennard, as her family were going there to spend some time, and you had prevailed on her to consent to our being of the party, hoping it might contribute to my recovery, more than the unwholesome atmosphere of London. I hesitated not a moment to obey your supposed commands; but, alas! we soon discovered the cruel deception.

"Instead of Mrs. Lennard's, we were conveyed to the house of Mr. Budenal. Heath-Hill was converted into our prison; a vile pander of his pleasures was first our guard, but he was soon aided by our plausible London hostess, who, I found, had long been at his devotion. This canting morsel of vice and hypocrisy has been our portress and constant companion from that period,

period, until the fear of death, and the stings of remorse compelled the wretched Edward to release us. We then left her in possession of Heath-Hill; the rest you already know. Need I say that he never appeared in my enlargement from that dungeon where your benevolence first found me? In your name all was done." "But why?" enquired Adela, "was the narration of your sufferings penned with so much obscurity? a real detail was a justice you owed to yourselves and to society." "I acknowledge your reproof to be just," returned Mr. Neville, "but this circumstance rests with Ezalinda; her fond and delicate love would not hear of his being exposed. I own it an excess of refinement; but with you I trust it will be palliated. The evil to which it laid you open, has been happily prevented, by the intervention of Heaven, who will never totally desert the just." "But his name," continued Mr. Neville, "was never concealed, Edward and Arthur he received in baptism; you,

you, perhaps, have only heard the former." The fabled loss of the cabinet, and every other mysterious circumstance, was now cleared up. Adela repeated her inquiries about the present fate of Mrs. Lawson—"She has, I hear, left Heath-Hill, said Mr. Neville, I dare answer, not without securing a reward."

Mrs. Delamaine, well assured that distressing occurrences had crowded too fast on the mind of Adela, proposed going before the return of Mrs. Budenal, which might probably increase them, and bidding Mr. Neville adieu, they returned to Burlington-street. During their walk, Adela asked Mrs. Delamaine, who she believed to be the person that informed Mrs. Lennard of her breaking with Mr. Budenal? "It cannot be himself," said she, "as we at first supposed his silence on the subject convinces me he is quite ignorant of the change it has occasioned." Then it must have been the mouth of common-sense, replied Mrs. Delamaine; I think otherwise, said Mr.

Mr. Melville, there has certainly been some busy intermeddler. If my suspicion falls on that starched piece of hypocrisy, Alton, Budenal I am well assured it is not; for he just now told me he had never seen Mrs. Lennard since his return from Spring-Vale — Adding, “as the protectress of Miss Northington, he avoided her.” Nor could I, in his present state, inform him of that conduct of which he is the cause. Adela applauded his delicacy, and immediately on their arrival at Mr. Lancaster’s, he sat off to give the promised intelligence at Willow-Place.

“In a few days I shall again be in Town,” said he; “here I hope to find you, Miss Northington; you must not leave us, wait the return of Mrs. Lennard, and all will be well.” Adela thanked him for his friendly solicitude, but did not inform him that her resolution, on that point, was unalterable — no earthly power should again make her the dependant of Mrs. Lennard. To write to Miss Ambury, was her first employment.

employment. "Your Adela," says she, "avails herself of the liberty of friendship; she supplicates you for a present home. Your worthy father will not, I think, refuse me this request; when we meet, you shall know the occasion of it. Prepare Mrs. Smith for my arrival. Adieu! I anticipate the happy moment of embracing my Louisa." "And will you persist in your unkind design of leaving us?" enquired Mrs. Delamaine. "Give it not such an appellation," replied Adela; "you are, I am sure, too good to wish my remaining in a place, where every object recalls painful ideas. Should Mr. Budenal die, think what I must suffer on such an occasion, by considering myself the principal cause of his untimely fate. Should he live, regard for his amiable wife requires my absence. Wentworth too—Ah! Madam, he is another inducement.

My heart warms me to fly. By a retreat only can I hope for victory over myself"—
 "Yes," continued she, "I tear myself for
 ever

ever from his sight. I will strive to merit the continuance of that esteem, which I value beyond the love of all mankind. With you too, I will still hope to converse; our souls will still be linked in friendship. I will write you long narratives, and you will, perhaps, sometimes favour me with your poetic flights. You will not, I trust, despise your Adela because she is poor." Mrs. Delamaine made an attempt at gaiety, desirous of concealing her real sensations; but the tears started in her eyes. "I mean not to wait an answer to my letter," said Adela, "I already know what it will contain; to-morrow morning a stage goes for Barton, in that I wish to take a place." Mr. Lancaster opposed her intention, but she remained inflexible to all their intreaties, she would not accept the proffered chariot—"No," said she, "humility now becomes me best, a stage coach is more adapted to my present station."—Her place was accordingly taken; their parting was such, as may be easily conceived. Olivia clung around
her

her neck, and begged her not to leave them. "Take me with you then," said she, "I can't stay without you." Adela, after a severe contest, forced herself away, too deeply affected to pronounce an—Adieu! Accompanied by Mrs. Delamaine's woman, she slept at the inn, and the next morning conveyed her from every recent connection.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"**A** DIEU! Mrs. Webly," said Adela, as she stepped into the coach, "tell your mistress, in my affection, she will ever live, and kiss Olivia for me." Mrs. Webly had been in superior life, and was endeared to her lady, by the hard hand of misfortune. "May Heaven ever bless you Miss!" said she with emotion, and turned

turned from the coach. She made a few steps back to the inn, but, seeming to recollect something, returned with quickness, wiping away a tear which Adela had occasioned.

"I beg pardon Ma'am," said she, "for my remissness, but here is something Mr. Lancaster desired me to give you, and I would not for the world you had gone without it." It was a small ivory casket. Adela took it from her, and again repeated an affectionate adieu!

So numerous were the reflections that crowded the mind of Adela at this period, that she was some moments seated in the coach, before she observed a fellow-traveller in the opposite corner; but her attention was roused by a very remarkable yawn, and looking up, she saw it proceeded from the almost dislocated jaws of her companion. It was repeated, and, if meant to draw attention, proved successful. He was a short man, very corpulent, and of a sanguine complexion, nothing remarkable in
his

his face, but a pair of eyes that told sweet tales of love to every female that chance threw in his way.

With those powerful auxiliaries, (and a tongue whose smooth and gentle accents, like the Syren's melodious warblings, charmed many an unwearied traveller) he made many a dreadful inroad on the unguarded heart. Finding his humble assistant, the yawn had performed its office, and attracted the notice of Adela, whose looks and attitudes marked her an object of no common mold; and whose youth, thus left to its own guidance, seemed favourable to his wish, of shining with more than common eclat. He therefore, resolved to improve the present moment, and summoning one of his most bewitching looks in a tone of voice which he deemed peculiarly insinuating, enquired if she was going to Wiltshire? Adela made the laconic reply of, "yes Sir," and her ideas returned to their former contemplations. Seeing his first effort to produce sociability, unsuccessful, he resolved to be
more

more bold, and seating himself by her side, lamented most pathetically that such a charming young lady should be unattended, and begged she would depute him her guardian during their journey. As he pronounced this request, he, with great freedom, threw his arm round the waist of Adela; but this impolitic piece of gallantry, rendered his high-raised hopes abortive. Withdrawing herself from his ardent embrace, Adela viewed him with that sort of dignified contempt which real superiority cannot suppress when daring intruders call for punishment. "I need no champion Sir," said she, "and beg you will not give yourself any trouble on my account." The firm tone in which she uttered those words, produced the desired effect; her companion dared not to make a reply, but shrunk into one corner of the coach, and gnawed his lip.

They were now joined by two females, who immediately engrossed the attention of Adela's humbled gallant. From them he met

met with a reception, infinitely more gracious than what she had granted him, and it banished his late chagrin. The elder woman, tall and masculine, with a face which is not disparaged by the appellation of ugliness, exclaimed, "She had left her cookery-book at the inn, and was getting out of the coach to fetch it;" but stopping short, "Come Jenny," said she, "thy legs are younger than mine girl, dost thou go back for it." "Ay to be sure," replied the girl, "but may be I mayn't find the way in this hurly burly place, it an't like our town." "I will be your conductor if you please," said the gallant 'squire in the corner. She simpered, and looked at her governante, who bawled out, "Nay Jenny, to be sure you can't refuse the gentleman's kindness." Delighted at the sanction of her aunt, for such she proved to be, Jenny returned the kind glance of her smirky escort, as he assisted her out of the coach.

"That's my own sister's dafter," said the loquacious aunt as soon as she found

herself alone with Adela, " and I challenge the county she lives in to produce a cleverer lass. She'll reap, or make hay with some six of 'em ; and as for running at the wakes, there's none can come near her, she always gets the prize ; but now she's going to be another like sort of a body if she minds her pees and cue's, she'll be as well off as any lady, and its all through my means. Why she's going to be first chambermaid in a great family, where nobody's better known than farmer Jennings's wife, nor better dispecked neither, thof I say it that shou'dn't say it, as the saying is. And so Madam, and young 'squire is going to make a tower, it's an outlandish place they're going to, but I alway forgets the name of it, and as I heard say, Madam, was upon the look-out for a good smart girl to look after the house, and keep it in order while they are wanting.—I went myself to talk with her upon the object of Jenny, and by the perscription I gived of her, Madam, thoft she

she wan'd do, and so I made an excrescence into Cumberland to fetch her myself."

"Indeed," said Adela in a tone of complacency, but she was prevented from finishing the sentence by a mild interrogation very near them, "Is there not three places left?" said a pleasing masculine voice,"

"I am assured there was that number taken in the name of Wilmot last evening."

"Then there must be some mistake," said the person to whom the enquiry was addressed, "I will see in the book." Adela looked out of the window. There were two gentlemen and an elderly Lady standing with their backs to the coach. One who wore the habit of a clergyman, was turned round, and discovered the face of a youthful friend, the near relation of a beloved companion, one who was many years an inmate of the same peaceful village with Adela. Sallenia Wilmot was beloved by all who knew her, and with Miss Amf-bury they formed a trio in friendship; but early misfortune deprived them of her

society, while their ardent and reciprocal attachment was cemented by time.

Alas ! ill-fated Sallenia, from the age of thirteen thou wert the sport of four misfortune—a mark set up, at which cruel persecution was commissioned to shoot her envenomed arrows. Loss of friends, and the most cruel wrongs, introduced that monstrous tyrant, Poverty ! Her, the fell savage followed from place to place, scourged her with unremitting severity, and robbed her of every earthly good. She gained many friends, but they were quickly chased away by unrelenting poverty. Long, long indeed, did the poor patient sufferer struggle with accumulated evils ; a judgment sound, a penetration quick, and that too often fatal gift, exquisite sensibility, added poignancy to every suffering. They made her the envy and hatred of little minds, such minds, alas ! as are too frequently met with ; such, as with the will, possess the power of diffusing misery around them—who know no distinction between
great

great and good, poor and despicable. Through a host of beings, that come under this description, Sallenia Wilmot fought her painful way, obedience to Him who assigns us all our various trials in this vale of probation, till at length, o'erpowered by multitude, Heaven accepted the early sacrifice, and granted the uncomplaining sufferer an asylum in the silent grave.

This was the account which Adela received from Mr. Wilmot, when she enquired for his cousin. It struck her to the soul; she knew Sallenia had long since been taken under the protection of a powerful friend, but she knew no more. Her tears fell on the hand of Mr. Wilmot, as he related, with emotion, the mournful tale. The gentleman, by his side, forced his cane into the earth, and sighed deeply. His person bespoke the ravages of illness; but there was something unspeakably interesting in his *tout ensemble*. A green ribbon was bound across his eyes; he was in deep mourning, and an elderly lady, in the same

habit, leaned on his arm.—Jenny and her gallant now appeared, accompanied by the book-keeper of the inn, who informed Mr. Wilmot there had been three places taken for them he found, but it had been mistaken for two, and another gentleman had taken a place, and paid his money. They were greatly embarrassed; the coachman desired they would decide the point, as it was time to set off, and Adela's officious beau was about to quit his claim, lamenting very pathetically, the disappointment, as business of importance awaited him in the neighbourhood of Barton that evening. When the kind Mrs. Jennings obviated every difficulty—"Make 'em give back half your money Jane," exclaimed she, "and go in the basket, it will save a'most enow to buy a new gownd. and Madam wan't like you a pin the worst for being thrifty--I wish I'd tho't of it before, I'd a gone in the basket too."

Jenny looked gloomy, and seemed to expect some concession from her spark, not
recollecting

recollecting that self is universally the first of all consideration. Jenny, therefore, reluctantly mounted the basket, in compliance with the will of her aunt, and the coach drove off.

"I am going to be an inhabitant of Barton," said Mr. Wilmot; "You, I suppose, Miss Northington, are but a visitor."

"I am a visitor, indeed," replied Adela with emotion. Mr. Wilmot feared he had erred; he was no stranger to the highly applauded beneficence of Mrs. Lennard, and was rather surprized, after such an event, to meet Adela in a stage-coach. They were all silent some moments; the farmer's loquacious wife seemed busied in taking an inventory of every thing, however trifling, about her fellow-travellers, till no longer able to suppress her curiosity, which was roused by the name of Mr. Wilmot, she enquired if he was the young person that she heard say was going to have the parish of Barton, and being answered in the affirmative, "Ay," says she, "I know a

many people in Barton, thof I lives a good way off myfelf; and I only wifhes as how you may be as good to the poor as their laft parfon was—I never faw the ge'man in my life, but I hear fay as how he was one of the moft charitableft men in all the world, and that he maintained the dafter of a young parfon who had the living afore him, (I forget his name) for all the world like a lady, and never had a farthing of money for it—To be fure, by all accounts, fhe was a well-dif-pofed child, but what of that? Nobody's got any bufiness to maintain other folks's children."

This was more than Adela could poffibly bear. Mr. Wilmot winked at Mrs. Jennings—"Why," continued fhe, "I hopes I hav'n't faid nothing to make the young lady cry, fhe is a ftranger to me, but I likes her looks, and I only fpeaks by hear-fay; but a may-be, fhe may know fomething bad of old parfon Smith, for to befure, as the faying is, all his not gold that glitters." "You miftake," faid Adela,
"thofe

"those tears flow in memory of his virtues." "Ay, it may be so," replied Mrs. Jennings, "I don't know as for that, but I never cry about such things; howsomever, that's not my look out, all I know his wedow is as much beloved as Madam Rhodes herself, and I know as much about Madam's family as any body I believe, let the other be where they will. It is they I was a telling you about Miss, that is a going to make the tower.

The eyes of the personage at her elbow, now sparkled; since their departure he had spoken only with those eloquent intelligencers, but now opened his mouth to bear a part in the conversation, when the incessant alarum of Mrs. Jennings again began. "There is not, in all our country, a more prettyer young gentleman than 'squire Rhodes; he is a going to make the tower with his Mamma, and a learned man is hired to go with them. A pewter I think Madam calls him."

"I am the person you allude to," said her neighbour with quickness, "I have the honor of being appointed the travelling preceptor of Mr. Rhodes."

"And do you know Mr. Smith Sir?" enquired Adela. "I have never yet seen any of the family," replied he coldly. This gave rise to a very animated dialogue between him and Mrs. Jennings, in which the latter gave the history of the Rhodes's, for many generations, which had been handed down to her by her first good man, to use her own phrase and his forefathers, embellishing the narration with much panegyric, on Madam's affamility and young Master's prettiness, which lasted till the stage stopped at the destined place of dinner. Then had our heroine an opportunity of enquiring more particularly about the much-lamented Miss Wilmot—These are the sad particulars.

The death of a worthy relative, whom, from infancy, she looked up to as a parent, attended by a pecuniary disappointment,
reduced

reduced her to indigence. Relations and friends are deemed synonymous terms; but far otherwise was her experience. Numerous were those empowered to aid her; but, alas! not one exerted that power: among strangers, she was left almost overwhelmed with every species of distress, exclusive of what attends the commission of evil. She had a mother, but, alas! that reflection only served to add ten-fold force to her afflictions. A mother, alas! more wretched than herself, (in point of situation) wedded to a second partner, surrounded by a numerous offspring. Reduced—"Ah! I cannot say how much," said Mr. Wilmot. What were her own sorrows to those occasioned by the distress of her parent? Distress not in her power to alleviate! No longer able to support the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, aimed at her which every way she turned, she went into voluntary exile. She fled from the present, and encountered new and various difficulties in a strange country, a country, perhaps, of all others, the least

calculated for a mind and situation like hers; who can delineate the thousand and ten thousand insults which she experienced—the excruciating, heart-rending sensations which reduced her almost to the verge of the grave? But Heaven kindly raised her up assistance, she was snatched from the jaws of death, and again returned to England. The parental roof could not even afford her a shelter; she sought it elsewhere, struggled with the oft intruding sigh, profited by the rigid doctrine of experience, was resigned, content, bore, without repining, the welcome stroke of death.

Heaven, ever pleased with meek submission, said, “It is enough,” snatched her from the grasp of cold, unfeeling worldlings. Raised her a friend indeed! through whom she felt a cheering ray of comfort; but it was too late, a delicate mind, injured ere it attains maturity, can never be restored. Such was her case; life stole away, by faint degrees. Chance brought her cousin, Mr. Wilmot, to London during
her

her last illness.—She breathed her last in the house of the lady now with him. A gentleman, who long and ardently had sought her hand, came from afar to urge his oft-told tale, but found her a clay-cold corse ! Respecting (for her sake) that lady who had been a mother to his loved Sallenia, he pressed her to his heart, and called her his. Occasioned by the severe shock, a fever seized him, but he was spared, and was now conducting his worthy friend to the country seat of a near relation in the vicinity of Wiltshire, hoping it might alleviate their mutual regret, and anticipated their visit in consideration of Mr. Wilmot, who could be no longer absent from his just acquired vicarage, and wished be the companion of their journey.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TO what lethe Mrs. Jennings had been paying her devotions, I cannot determine; but certain it is, ere she had been many minutes re-seated in their vehicle, she forgot all her cares, and entertained her fellow-travellers by the melody of her organs, until they stopped at the door of Mr. Amsbury. Adela's heart palpitated, she turned pale, and red, by turns, as Mr. Wilmot assisted her out of the coach. She uttered an emphatical adieu! and the worthy Amsbury pressed her to his bosom, calling her his child—his second daughter—next in his affection to Louisa. “Why,” says he, “my good girl, why this agitation, are you not at home?” “Pardon me,” said she, holding his hand between her's in a supplicating attitude, “for thus intruding on your goodness.” She then introduced their new vicar, who having resigned his charge,

was

was returning to his friend, when a spectacle, truly comic, made him start back. This was no other than the deranged *tete* of Mrs. Jennings thrust out through the stage window, who starting from her state of forgetfulness, dropt her hat and bonnet, and eagerly asking for Miss, (as she termed Adela) stayed not to replace them, but popped out her most unlovely head to get another peep at her, loudly vociferating—“ Well, God be we’ ye Miss, you’re a clever girl, good enow for the parson himself, saving his presence, thof you ha’n’t got a penny of portion, keep up your heart, and will be a match yet, for I’m sure he’s got a monstrous mind to you—think of me when it comes about.” *Mon-Dieu!* exclaimed Mr. Wilmot, unable to command his risible muscles. The scene extorted a smile, even at this juncture, from Adela. She waved her handkerchief, as the coach drove off, and entered the house with Mr. Ambury. Her Louisa was not there to give her a welcome; she was gone to communicate

municate the contents of her letter to Mrs. Smith.

Seated in deep conversation, in a small parlour that looked into the garden, they waited her return. A carriage stopped at the gate, the sound of voices came, wafted by the gentle zephyrs; Adela listened a moment, then starting from her seat, it is Mrs. Smith, she exclaimed, and darted out of the room with the swiftness of thought. At the door of Mrs. Rhodes's chariot, she shared the rapturous welcomes of her friends, and wept her thanks. "Dear child of my heart," said Mrs. Smith, "we were preparing to visit London, and conduct you to the abode of real affection, but you have kindly anticipated our designs. To your Louisa I now submit my claims, but tomorrow must be mine. Mrs. Rhodes is all impatience to see you, and I trust my description will not be deemed a flatterer."

Weary in body, and still more weary in mind, Adela retired early to the apartment of Miss Amsbury, and greatly as she need-
ed

ed the balmy blessing of sleep, it was not suffered to approach her eye-lids. Much had she to communicate—much to explain—much to hear—and Betty summoned them to breakfast ere she had finished.

Leaning on the arm of her Louisa, she strolled round the garden, and concluded her recital while the chariot was getting ready. “ Ere now,” said she, “ perhaps the excellent Alfred has left his native shores; may prosperous gales attend, and every blessing hover around him !”

Mrs. Smith joined them; with some difficulty was Miss Amsbury prevailed on to be of the party, and ere Mrs. Rhodes had quitted her apartment, they arrived Faern-Hall.

It was the seat which had once belonged to Adela's ancestors. Here it was, where Sir William Urfell had seen, and loved the mother of Mrs. Lennard. Often had Adela trod its woody labyrinths; it was bordering on the parish of Barton, and hither its youthful inhabitants often repaired.

paired, after the sultry heats of a summer's day, rambled in pairs through its verdant shades, or reclined in its mossy bowers. Long had it belonged to its present possessors; but the gardens were neglected, and the mansion only inhabited by peasants, until the recent death of Mrs. Rhodes's eldest son, the darling of her soul. Their former abode, then, became irksome to her, the spot where every room, and every object, presented her with the image of her beloved Walter, was no longer supportable. It was vacated, and Faern-Hall fixed on as their future residence, from whose gracious owner Adela experienced such a reception, as instantly banished her natural reserve, and inspired her with the ease of long acquaintance. Mrs. Rhodes had passed her life in courts till very lately, and that ease of manners and happy flow of language, generally attendant on the great, was rendered animated and interesting by the warmth of her heart and the excellence of her understanding. It was impossible to
listen

listen to her without delight; indeed, so fascinating was her manner, that it stamped a value on every sentence she uttered. Strong sense was to her, almost a superfluous gift; she would have charmed without it, but with it was irresistible. Long did she triumph under the appellation of the Female Chesterfield—Adored by one sex, and envied by the other, who sung I o's to Venus, and celebrated a jubilee, when she withdrew from the flattering croud, and hid herself in solitude. But highly as she was delighted with Adela, great was the disappointment of her son. His perceptor had lavished encomiums on Adela's person, which, in his opinion, were very unmerited; and he could not avoid expressing his surprise to Mr. Lambert, the first moment they were alone, who very politely owned his mistake, though, in reality, he still thought her

“ More than Painting can express,
Or youthful Poets, fancy, when they love.”

Deeply

Deeply sensible of the distinction of Mrs. Rhodes — “ A distinction ! ” said she, so infinitely above my deserts.” The heart of Adela glowed with grateful respect, as she followed that lady to take a survey of the improvements she had made in the house. They passed through a long gallery, lined on either side with pictures — “ Here,” said Mrs. Rhodes, [“ the race of the Northingtons are immortalized.” The last was a young female, sitting in a pensive posture, her attention fixed on a miniature portrait, which she held in her hand, despondency was marked in every feature, Adela turned from it. “ That piece,” said Mrs. Rhodes, “ is said to be the mother of Mrs. Lennard, drawn long before her marriage ; and the portrait on which she gazes, her only brother, a noble youth, who fell in the defence of his country.”

Adela remembered an observation of Sir William Ursell’s, which served to confirm this relation. There was, she could not help

help thinking, a resemblance between that picture and her own person.

They returned to the parlour. Again Mr. Rhodes criticised the person of our heroine, but had not soul enough to discover by what means she gained the universal appellation of charming. Miss Ambury was infinitely more to his taste ;

“ True, she was fair ;
Oh ! how divinely fair ! ”

Delicate, yet blooming, with flaxen hair, and bright blue eyes, large and expressive. All owned Louisa Ambury, handsome. Add to this, an excellent understanding, and a serenity of temper, rarely met with, and wonder when I tell you she was at this period in her twentieth year, a stranger to the voice of love. Her conversation was admired—her good qualities loudly talked of—her example held forth to excite emulation in all her youthful friends. Her benevolent heart was ever attentive to the call of humanity—none so generally carested
among

among her female friends—none more extolled among her male acquaintance; but her heart was suffered to dwell unmolested in its native abode, she was not formed to inspire the tender passion, and sighed not for a lover, because she knew not what it was to love.

Mr. Rhodes was the first who selected her even as an object of tender admiration; and his preference, although unobserved by Louisa, did not escape the acute discernment of Mrs. Rhodes; and Miss Ambury, after receiving a very cool invitation, was suffered to return to Barton. Fain would Adela have accompanied her, but so warmly was her stay at Faern-Hall insisted on, that to refuse, would have been to offend. Here she spent near a week, made a rapid progress in the good graces of Mrs. Rhodes, while her son, whose behaviour was nearly allied to incivility, pronouncing her, not a bit pretty, rambled about as usual, and wished again to see the blue-eyed Beauty of Barton.

Herbert

Herbert Rhodes grew up under the tuition of a rich aunt, who, to use her frequent expression, would not suffer her darling to be crossed. Under her roof, the favorite, uncultured, attained maturity. Various were the tutors that inspected his education. They were all a set of severe wretches, the sweet boy should not be treated with such strictness, she could not bear to see his beautiful face disfigured by tears. In vain did his sensible mother remonstrate—in vain represent the irreparable injury she was doing him. The cruel indulgent aunt was proof against every argument, and such an immense fortune must not be hazarded by having recourse to compulsive measures.

Thus injured by misjudged fondness, it is easy to conceive his character at this period, when he had just completed his nineteenth year; blessed by Nature with no one gift that can compensate for the want of education. Every word, gesture, and action, conveyed the idea of an uninformed
spoil

spoilt baby, of six feet high. Even the partial eye of maternal love, could not be blind to his obvious defects; she saw and lamented them, and dropped the frequent tear in memory of his buried brother, whose amiable manners made him beloved, and whose remarkable attainments rendered him respectable. Every budding hope was cut off, and he was consigned to the silent tomb. Affluence lavishes her stores on his brother. The fortune of his aunt, added to his paternal inheritance, produces a revenue superior to many principalities.— Though late, his mother wished to render him worthy of the rank he held in life. He was just returned from making the tour of England with a young nobleman, by whose recommendation he obtained Mr. Lambert; and Mrs. Rhodes, actuated by true parental regard, knowing her son obstinate, fiery, and self-willed, undertook to be the companion of his travels, well assured, that, except herself, there was not a person existing of whom she stood in the least

curiosities of the great. What more immediately relates to me, is the good living and the comforts of this place, to a man with prudence and a moderate pocket—I can cross the Seine for a farthing a time; for fifteen pence can have five or six covers of any kind of eatables, well dressed in their respective ways, and a pint of better wine included, than we can get for three half crowns a bottle in England; and most other things in proportion, reasonable. Friend Quick looks at me with pity and compassion, for the profuseness I am addicted to; and dare say, is in haste to leave me lest I should become a bankrupt, and a suitor to him for recruits; but I should pity the man infinitely more, that is reduced to this shift; for I am persuaded the stern fathers of Romeo and Juliet had not more flinty hearts.

Adieu! May thine remain, ever attentive to the eloquent claims of thy fellow-mortals.

G. HUGHES.

MRS. DELAMAINE

IN ANSWER

TO THE FOREGOING.

SEVERAL circumstances united to prevent the promised introduction arriving in time: and for your letters, dull indeed! and most tiresome would they be, but for the youthful heroine of whom they speak—Thanks to me for this acquisition! remember, and be grateful. Fancy! no, the charming maid will have nothing to say to you; on the contrary, so offended is she at having her name profaned by such unhallowed lips, that she now refuses to descend: so thus I punish you with dismal prose, in which of all earthly beings, I surely make the most rueful figure.

Well

Well then—First I congratulate you on your agreeable society at Mr. Lindsay's; commission you to say every thing that is kind and friendly for me, to himself and the Melvins, who I am well assured exceed your most sanguine expectations. Who can this Mr. Lewis be? I have been hammering my brains ever since I received yours, but can make nothing of it: however, to give you your due, your behaviour and conjectures respecting my Adela is noble; and I am well assured you never will repent your candour and benevolence. My spirit rises against Mrs. Rhodes, her conduct bodes no good; as to her fool, I only wish him the wholesome discipline of some good pedagogue, with a hard heart, and a strong arm. He attached to Adela! no, it cannot be—

None but kindred souls can love,
 you know is my motto. Such was the
 passion of a former lover of hers; she will

know who I mean, when you tell her he is restored to health, but not reclaimed—penitence is vanished with danger. Again has he deserted his amiable wife, and whither he is gone, none knows; Lord W—— and myself are her consolers, we do all we can, but little doth it avail. Tell her, likewise, Augustus Melville is gone to Scotland with the Urfells: I fear he thinks of an union with Harriet. It is a golden bait; but if he swallows it, ruin is the inevitable consequence—he knows how to distinguish. I have already said more than I had any right to say, but friendship was my prompter; yet, fool as she is, she knows how to speak to the ruling passion: she fains illness, has told him the cause of Fanny's death, and he believes, unless he marries her, she likewise will be the victim of love. Ah, vanity, how easily art thou deceived! Fanny's death I always believed to be very independent of him. Consumption is hereditary in the family of the Urfells; but she liked him, and thought it
 very

very pretty to expire in heroics: however, as I really regard this youth, and think him possessed of merit, I shall sincerely grieve if this connection takes place.

You know of Mrs. Lennard, at least you have heard of her; it is reported her husband is dead, and she is going to take a young Hibernian to her arms.

I am much indebted to you for your very *accurate description* of Paris. Ah! I would not exchange one of the *worthies* you allude to, for a million of such petty-fogging travellers. But by way of softening this humiliating stroke, I again repeat my approbation of thy philanthropy. Watch over thy little sparkler; prove as responsible a guardian, as that queer old fellow Nester Ironsides himself, and thou wilt then ever bask in the cheering smiles of

E. DELAMAINE

MR. HUGHES

TO

MRS. DELAMAINE.

Venice.

IS it not marvellous that a smirking *Abbé*, who eats macarony every day for his dinner, and regales his ear each night with the melting strains of the Signora's warbling to sweet sounds of the Italian Orphei—Is it not wonderful, I say, that a young Macaroni, thus engaged, will bestow any thought, much less expend any time or labour in counting the dull dames of that foggy, cold, and uncomfortable island which thou inhabitest? Old friends are well enough when one's at home in a country where

where there is nought else to amuse or divert; but here, in an enlightened land, the land of Hybla! the land of delicacy! the habitation of the muses! the theatre of the sciences! the regions of wine and oil, and all that conduces to luxury! The seat of gallantry! and the mart of levity, dissipation, and the *beaux esprits*! What waste of time, under such circumstances as these, to trouble one's head about cold, coy *dames*, that have refused their dozens! There are none such here I assure you—No, no, they are all good-humoured, willing, and free.

Surprised, I suppose, that you have heard nothing of us since we quitted the gay metropolis of France—Why it proceeds chiefly from the trust you have imposed on me, a trust which I find it a difficult matter to discharge—the Rhodian volcano threatens tremendously! We are all involved in gloom, and I daily expect a dreadful eruption. My little sparkler smiles, and wishes to appear what I know she is not—happy!

—Trembles at your intelligence about Mrs. Lennard, &c. &c. and has explained to me the mystery of the fictitious Lewis. He is, indeed, the husband of that lady. Add to this apology for silence, my kind consideration for your pocket. What but ruin would betide ladies who were pestered with a number of Italian letters? If, indeed, the sweet scent of them would adhere to your Adonis, and save the expence of perfumes, it might be something; but I fear, all fragrant as we are in Italy, much of the charming odours of this epistle will be exhaled in the *garments* of the courier before it reaches your fair hands, and nothing be left to recommend me, but the old fashioned claims of long acquaintance, regard, and friendship; add to which, a little tincture of the *outré*, to which I chiefly attribute your partiality. No wonder, then, I should cherish it in my bosom, carefully display it in every circle which I honour with my presence, and be proud of its possession.

We

We left Paris a few days after I wrote you last ; passed through Lyons, Avignon, Aix, Marseilles, Antibes, and so to Nice, in the dominions of his Sardinian Majesty, where we spent near a week. From thence we proceeded to Genoa, then to Leghorn for a season, and from there to Rome.

For an accurate description of our tour, you must wait until I return and publish. Then I shall acquaint the world and you, that Nice is placed in a punch-bowl, with one side broken out that lets in the sea ; the remaining sides, upon an olive ground, are painted with orange and lemon trees, and shaded with myrtles, jasmines, and other shrubs, the spontaneous growth of those parts.

Genoa is a crescent, round a most beautiful bay of the sea, rising in steps, whereon the houses are arranged, in manner of an amphitheatre, the whole circumference bounded by a range of exceeding high mountains. There are whole streets of
G 5
palaces,

palaces, calculated, both from size and splendor, for the abode of princes; some of their fronts richly adorned with marble. The climate is delightful, the living cheap, and the place altogether desirable.

Leghorn is an elegant, lively, little city, situate on a very fertile flat. We liked it, but were impatient to be at Rome, that mistress of the world, and grand gala of the arts; and yet the most dull and lifeless place, of its size, I ever saw. True, there is not a city in Europe, or perhaps the world, that contains such, and so many palaces; but palaces are very stupid beings, one or two of them will form a whole street: hence, therefore, one or two families occupy the space, that in other cities twenty or thirty may inhabit. This accounts for dulness, want of trade, business, and amusements. The buildings are likewise very lofty, the streets narrow, and consequently dark, and the ground floors of the houses have all strong iron grates, that give them greatly the air of prisons. But within, they

are

are full of the world's wonder and glory ! All the choice things of art, and the treasures of antiquity, are to be found here. Such paintings, sculptures, and statues, as astonish and delight. Add to which, the architecture and decorations of the same, are truly admirable ; yet not so gayly, so beautifully adorned (on their outsides I mean) as the Genoese. The squares, piazzas, as they are here termed, are very paltry and irregular, compared with those of London ; but most of them ornamented with elegant fountains, that diffuse great plenty of excellent water.

But the churches of Italy are what strike us with wonder and admiration. Genoa superb, Naples very rich also, but Rome most especially ; many of their floors, roofs, sides, and pillars, totally cloathed with marbles, paintings, stuccos, and thousands of choice statues and bas relief, many of gold and silver ; the altars adorned with precious gems, plate, and jewels of immense value. In the glorious church of

St. Peter, you cannot lay your hand, or set your foot on a spot that is not enriched as I have described. We made a part of the thousands and tens of thousands, that filled it on Christmas day; among whom were the Pope, the Emperour of Germany, the King of Sweden, all the nobility of Rome, and much of other countries. The Pope, himself, said Mass, and a most superb exhibition it was. He was attended by all the Cardinals, in scarlet robes, and likewise many Bishops; and the altar was covered with tiaras and mitres, all richer in diamonds, pearls, and jewels, than any king-ly crown I ever saw. After the ceremony was over, the whole was closed with a procession, in which his Holiness rode round the church with his mitre on, in arm chair, under a canopy, and large fans of peacocks' feathers held up to keep the air from striking a damp on the sacred *tete*.

The theatres of Italy are *magnifique*. In Rome there are seven or eight, two in particular very large; the boxes are hung
very

very splendidly by their respective proprietors with velvet, laced with gold. But those of Naples are the most superb I have yet seen; particularly the royal theatre, joining to the palace. Its pit is circular, all but the part next the stage; it has a diameter eighty feet, and six galleries round it, each divided into thirty-two boxes, of equal shape and size; the fronts of which, the partitions that separate them, and the pillars that support them, are all covered with plates of looking-glass, in gilded frame work; and when illuminated (as I have seen it) with seven hundred wax lights, imagination cannot well conceive a more splendid scene. Usually they have only one chandelier, let down during the assemblage of the company, into the auditory, and drawn up before the piece begins. The stage decorations I think not preferable to those of London, but the prices are much more moderate; a prime place does not cost, in common, more than one shilling and sixpence sterling, except when illuminated—
then

then it is nearly twice that sum. It is remarkable that no females are admitted to perform on the Roman stage; young gentlemen are trained up to assume their dresses and characters, and this they do to such admiration, in voice, gesture, and deportment, as is truly amazing; yet have I heard many gentlemen, for this reason, declare the roman stage the most tiresome and insipid of all places.

Finding our party begin to grow restive, and (perhaps from a want of other amusement) exercising their teizing powers on poor Adela, and being myself weary of a place whose chief recommendation are those inanimate objects, which to an attentive traveller certainly convey the strongest idea of the magnificence and grandeur of the ancient Romans; yet, the eye fatiated with frequent repetition, I found myself the prey of lassitude, and called forth all my rhetoric to prevail on Mrs. Rhodes to quit the lady of the world, for a lady of more vivacity.

This

This place is sufficiently enlivening; London is not so peopled, for its size, nor so full of bustle, noise, and dissipation. The coaches are without end, and the streets, being paved with flat stones, are attended with imminent danger to all careless footmen, for they drive Jehu like.

Here are upwards of three hundred thousand inhabitants, and this being carnival time, they are all mad, running about after public places, horse races, masquerades, and ten thousand other fooleries, which I who am a grave, steady personage, would not condescend to share in, were I not compelled by my office of knight-errant, to guard from danger, my fair and incomparable Dulcinea—the lovely Adela Northington, an office, which nothing but pure necessity shall oblige me to relinquish.

Yet often, when wearied with a cessation of images, which merely amuse—often doth my soul seem to wing its flight to the highly favoured isle of my nativity; thither she

she aspires, ardently longing to be at home again in the neighbourhood of honest, simple souls like you, who mean what you say, and wish neither to pick one's pocket nor cut one's throat. No place, no people, no living like that of good old England. God give me to my old habitation, my old connections, my old friends, and I trust I shall never cast them so far behind me again; though I should not be just to Providence, did I fail to acknowledge I have found in my perigrinations some worthy, moral characters, who have served, befriended, and delighted me.

From the apartment where I now sit, I have a view of the finest bay in the known world. I go to the window, exclaim what a delicious prospect! and again return to my escrutore. Proud Mount Vesuvius too, I see every day, pouring forth volumes of smoke, and turn my ideas to that dear land of peace, where no fiery rivers roll, no fierce volcanos roar. I thirst for home.

In

In this ardent wish my charming ward unites—be healthy, be happy, and may God be your keeper.

G. HUGHES.

MRS. DELAMAINE

TO

MR. HUGHES.

IMPRESSED with the most lively gratitude for your generous attention to my fair adopted daughter, I long to prostrate myself at your feet, and kiss the hem of your garment.

From this enthusiastic effusion, let me descend to the beaten path of plain narration, returning you my sincere thanks for
your

your last kind, descriptive, and most charming letter, and, without farther prelude, proceed to inform you that our friends, the Melvilles, arrived previous to the receipt of your last. I called on them, and was introduced to—what must I call him? Mr. Lewis, for by that name was he announced to me. We spoke of you all; he dwelt on the subject of Miss Northington's present situation, feared it was far from eligible, and highly applauded a friend of mine, that shall be nameless. The report of Mrs. Lennard's marriage was mentioned; he started, changed colour, said he had seen Mr. Lennard, and enquired how long he had been dead? but I could not resolve the question; he asked many others, on the same subject, with an emotion, which shewed him no indifferent party. He left London the next morning; a perhaps (which your last has realised) took possession of my mind, consequently I was not surprized at the discovery; and it has been productive of another, equally suspected.

Thoughtless

Thoughtless I related it to Lord Wentworth, adding your paragraph of the garden rencontre, &c. &c. respecting Miss Northington's present situation; and it has revealed a till now smothered flame. Is it not marvellous, to use your own phrase, that spite of the world's dread-frown, which scarce the firm philosopher can bear, a modern man of fashion, surrounded with all that is desirable, young, elegant, and every way accomplished, a model for the sex to copy after in all respects but this, the object of female emulation, heart-burnings, contentions, jealousies, envyings should intercede with me to aid the mad design of wooing poverty to his arms, in the form of Adela Northington? In one thus eminently distinguished, does not such a conduct amaze? His rank, his family, his already injured fortune, the censures of the world, I urged in vain; he scarcely heard me — uttered a rhapsody about disinterested attachment, delicate love, angelic virtues, false distinctions, and avowed his determination of rescuing

cuing the woman of his heart, the only one for whom he ever heaved a sigh, from the grasp of poverty, and the stings of dependence ; accused me, in vague terms, of cold, unfeeling, false reasoning, and begged for an address to Adela, but it experienced the fate of his former request ; I pronounced an absolute negative, enlarging on the frequent ill consequences of unequal unions. But no longer that Wentworth, the master of his passions, cool, and ever attentive to the call of reason : perfectly transformed by the despotic power of love, he started from his seat ere I had concluded, darted from me with impetuosity, and without even bidding me an adieu, sat off the next morning for Ireland, perhaps to invoke the Lennards in his cause. Tell Adela—Ha ! a letter from Ireland, the seal and superscription of Wentworth.—Farewell !

(In continuation.)

It is from him—all a mystery—says he arrived in Ireland just time enough to make
one

one in the group of a closing tragedy—Intreats, in the name of humanity, *I* will forward the inclosed to Miss Northington with all possible expedition, and refers an explanation until his return to England, which will be almost immediate.

I suspend my purposed advice to Adela, fearful it may be ill-timed; she knows my sentiments, and will, I trust, believe in spite of appearance. I am deeply interested in her welfare, and in the present case solely actuated by a love of propriety and a sincere regard for the mutual happiness of both parties, which cannot in my estimation be promoted, by such an unequal alliance. Delicacy and true judgment will shew her the affair in its proper light, and exculpate me from the charge of severity. I have only to add, forgive my thus degrading you by the ignoble office of a go-between, the cause I trust will justify the deed, and plead my pardon; it is the natural weakness of Adela's spirits, and my high opinion of yourself, for surely of all human beings, you
are

are the gentlest. You smile and say this palliates your crime. I hope it will likewise plead for the future, as I have a presentment. I shall, ere long, trespass again. Farewell! and think highly of the only encomium you ever, in pure sincerity of heart, have yet been honoured with by

E. DELAMAINE.

MRS. LENNARD

TO

ADELA.

(Inclosed in the foregoing.)

FORGIVENESS from you, my ever dear and much-wronged Adela, is the wish that lingers round my heart: I have injured you, but I have been myself most cruelly

cruelly deceived; a little longer, and my
 offences will, I trust, be expiated, approach-
 ing dissolution opens my eyes; assisted by
 the excellent Wentworth, I see the source
 of all my misery—Vanity, nursed by a
 wrong education, introduces a train of ills,
 lays us open to the snares of dark hypo-
 crisy, and seldom fails to end in ruin. Such
 has been my fate, hear all the defence I
 have to make, and pity my credulity.—
 First know my conduct to yourself, origi-
 nated with that Amelia, whom from infancy
 I have cherished in my bosom, and pre-
 served from that destitute state which must
 otherwise have been her portion, and thus
 has she rewarded me. By rendering you
 my aversion, she hoped to make me all her
 own; long and subtilly she laboured to
 effect this end: Le Roche and the Will-
 Alton, were the ponders of her falsehood,
 they were perpetually under the mask of
 attachment, bringing proofs of your artifice
 and ingratitude to me, your unjustifiable
 hauteur and ill-humour to them, too easily I
 believed

believed their iniquitous tales. Your friendship for Mrs. Delamaine was represented as a mere pretence to conceal the real motive of your frequent visits there, which was to carry on an amour with Lord Wentworth, after you were the promised wife of his friend. Your visit to Spring-Bank, I consented to, as the test of your fidelity. Judge, then, you that know my temper, of my emotions, my rage, when informed by Doctor Alton and some others : I suppose through him that Lord Wentworth was with you, and Mr. Budenal dismissed, without a reason given, adding some scandalous assertions which I implicitly believed, and which accounts for the cruelty of my conduct. His Lordship's arrival at this juncture, to plead your cause, served only to justify my error to myself ; you are no stranger to the reception he met with, &c.

Soon after my arrival here, Doctor Alton shewed me a letter from a friend of his in England, containing an account of my loved Henry's death ; in most pathetic
terms

terms describes the sorrow of his father, at whose house he was then a visitor, adding a minute relation of every circumstance attending the last moments of my husband, from the lips of an Italian nobleman present at that awful period, who assured him he died full of unrelenting severity toward me. I was extremely shocked. Awhile I grieved his loss and irretrievable error. But long absence and a resentment which I could not suppress at his suspicions, and that inflexible cruelty with which I was told, he shut his heart against conviction—in a great measure effaced his image from my soul. The incessant round of gaiety which prevails in this region of dissipation, wiped off every remaining trace of his remembrance, and I thought of him only as a tale that is told. Too soon I listened to the ardent vows of a young officer, nearly related to the vile Alton. Blinded by a momentary infatuation, cheated by the blandishments of my false friends, I gave up my reason to their guidance. Every intruding accusa-

tion was hushed asleep by the soft endearments, fine person, and insinuating manners of my lover—I gave him my fortune, and myself.

But on the eve of that day, the recollection of which now rends my soul with anguish, Heaven, through you, sent my much-injured Henry to save me from the deep abyss of guilt, just ready to swallow me up.

Impatient of delay, he entered the brilliant assemblage of mirth and festivity, while every heart was elated with joy in celebrating the supposed happy occasion, except my own: I felt an insurmountable languor on my spirits, and my reluctant feet could scarcely keep time with the music, when my long-lost husband entered pale as the whited sepulchre. Believing it his ghost, I shrieked, and would have fled from him; but he clasped me to his bosom, and for a long time all was oblivion.

The first recollection I had, I beheld my real and intended husband, sitting by my side,

side, and again became insensible ; but I am now in some measure restored, at least sufficiently to attempt a deed of justice. The wretches who meditated my destruction, are fled from the shame that now awaits them. My guardian-angel surely borrowed your form to counteract their machinations ; to convince a resentful husband, I once was wronged, and send him fraught with forgiveness and returning love.

Is this the way you avenge yourself of her who barbarously spurned you from her door ? Oh ! my Adela, thanks are too cold in such a case. I will do more, I will prove that too often verified adage fallible—

“ Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
But they ne’er pardon who have done the wrong.”

The cause of my present distress is still here : alas ! he too has been the dupe of artful villainy. A narrow fortune made him swallow the golden bait ; but trembles, even now, at what he has almost miraculously escaped — marrying the wife of another.

An interested union is all for which he can be blamed; he settled on Alton a part of my fortune, to make me his, but knew not my husband was alive. Repeatedly did Alton urge him to plunge his sword in the bosom of my Henry, who, unmindful of all else, held me fainting in his arms, and heard not the epithets of villain and base impostor, by which he was addressed. But the honest Hibernian rejected, with disdain, the horrid counsel—beat down the uplifted sword of the base coward who gave it—guarded us from every danger—and with the affection of a brother, watched over me, while, in the opinion of all around, death hastily advanced to call me hence. But I am delivered from his jaws at last, for a season. Lord Wentworth is here—all is explained—with him I join in adoring that mercy, by whose timely interposition you are preserved from an union with that wretch, whom I shudder to reflect on. Can you pardon offences against the sacred duties of friendship and humanity, which, though involuntary, has
 been

been to you, I greatly fear, productive of events very unpleasing, forced you for daily bread to leave your native land, a dependant on those, from the description of Mr. Lennard, ill calculated to make you happy ?

Hasten, then, my sweet friend, to the arms of love and friendship ! Wentworth lays himself and fortune at your feet : racked with hope and fear he comes to beg my aid, but I trust he will find an advocate far more powerful in your gentle bosom. Delicate, nicely tenacious, the heart he pants for must be the gift of choice. Is it then in your power ? bestow it generously.

Every suspicion which fortune can create, every barrier which it can oppose, shall be removed. I know your heart ; your scruples, as well as his, shall be considered. It is the only faint acknowledgment I can ever make for an obligation far above reward. The wish of contributing to your felicity sits heavy at my heart—be it accomplished, and I leave the world without a sigh. Yes, the final blow is already given ; the late

shock cannot be long survived ; a few days of grace is allowed me, perhaps to fold you in my arms, and hear you breathe your gratitude to Heaven—I ask no more.

Eager solicitude speaks in the eye of my Henry ; the affectionate tear sometimes bedews my cheek, but I fear, I fear we can never be happy, suspicion will still lurk in some secret avenue of his heart, perhaps unallowed ; or, I cannot answer, it may find harbour in my own. Breaches like this are seldom closed ; but when I am no more, he will, I think, remember his Emma with tenderness, suffer not an unworthy sentiment to injure her fame, but bury her errors in oblivion, and call her memory dear.

Adieu !—May the guardians of the just watch around you, and mark the way to happiness unmixed.

Delay not your answer—Remember the suspense of the amiable Alfred, and the anxiety of

EMMA LENNARD.

MR.

MR. HUGHES

TO

MRS. DELAMAINE.

Naples.

THE harbinger of joy and love, which your last contained, arrived too late. The felicity it was meant to impart, is frustrated chiefly through me. I know not what cursed officious dæmon urged the counsel, but I have, without dispute, been the instrument of much mischief from the best of intentions.

I have given up my guardianship to the rights of a husband ; a husband, I trust, every way deserving my amiable charge, but not the husband of her heart. I saw her kneel,

H 4

with

with cold reluctance, and vow eternal love and faith to Mr. Amsbury; obey the apparent dictates of prudence, and do the utmost violence to her inclination. To me she owned her attachment to another; that other, him who now solicits her hand. With every argument I could invent, combated her objections, and applauded my success. But when I led her to the carriage that waited to convey them to Flanders, she wept, claimed an interest in my prayers, accused herself of perjury, and bade me an emphatical adieu. My heart smote me, I blessed them with energy, and almost wished the deed undone. Your letter came some days after their departure; my heart foreboded some ill-timed news. I opened the inclosed, and here return it for your perusal. I am inexpressibly shocked! indeed I am scarcely myself, as you will easily believe from thus running before my story. I should first have told you how we lost the Rhodes's, and described our meeting with Mr. Amsbury; but I forget propriety, and

as

as is most natural, speak of the theme next my heart. But know that Mrs. Rhodes, under an appearance of possessing every valuable, every endearing quality, concealed malice, envy, bitterness, cruelty, and injustice. What pity, that the graces and the virtues should so seldom unite; that the form and manners of an angel should be inhabited by the heart of a fiend! I could not but lament the union, when I beheld this woman, who had laboured to ensure the name of excellence, injuring, by aspersions, the most cruel and unjust, an innocent creature placed under her protection, merely, I verily believe, because I espoused her cause, and confuted the false and foolish tales of scandal, raised against her by the villain Lambert and that malignant boy, Rhodes who never forgot the humiliation of Mr. Lennard, nor forgave Adela the imputed cause of it. Him I pity, because he know no better; his mother I detest: Can a heart so depraved, patronize distress? Alas, poor Mrs. Smith! I feel sincerely for your

situation ; ill fares the protigee of ostentation, used only as a trump of fame ; the first capricious whim casts them off, too often loaded with injuries, at the head of which, appears the charge of base ingratitude, a plausible, and oft believed excuse for cruelty.

Adela experienced the truth of those remarks. Smothered disgust at length burst forth in charges of intrigue and theft. She flew to me for aid, and I accompanied her to her accusers. Mr. Lambert was produced, to prove the truth of one charge ; a miniature picture, found in her possession, the other. I was staggered when Lambert, unabashed, avowed himself the favoured gallant of Miss Northington, talked much of honour, self-denial and pity ; shewed a ring she had given him, which I had often seen on her finger, and declared he was solely actuated to make this discovery from justice to the family present, and apprehensions from the threatened vengeance of a disappointed woman. I was thunderstruck,

I looked

I looked ardently at him, and beheld guilt marked on the features of this boasted Joseph.

The picture, set with brilliants, which Mrs. Rhodes held in her hand, was found in a small casket, which Adela once shewed me as the gift of Doctor Delamaine. "Is it not a melancholy consideration," said Mrs. Rhodes, "that one so young should have made such a proficiency in vice? I lament the necessity of exposing her even to you; but her own effrontery, and my character, require it." I was about to reply, to enquire minutely into the truth of those particulars, but was prevented by the trembling Adela, who, with uplifted hands, invoked the righteous powers above to witness her innocence and clear her injured fame. "To you Sir," said she, "I address myself, those unworthy people are beneath even my contempt, I can only pity their base malignity. But you, I trust, are too good, too just to believe their cruel accusations. That the picture was found in my possession, is

most true ; and as true is it, that the ring which that man (pointing to Lambert) avers is my gift, was fraudulently taken from me, and the picture deposited in its place. You will believe me, my good Sir," continued she with energy, " you will be my friend, I know you will, and to that being, whose precepts, to the best of my knowledge, I have hitherto obeyed, shall my prayers be offered up for a [reward." She could no more—I needed no conviction—I knew she was wronged, begged her to be composed, and seated her by my side ; she was quite exhausted, not one tear fell, but her silent anguish pierced my very soul. Again Mrs. Rhodes resumed the villainous theme, repeated her pity, and used every method to secure me in her interest. With difficulty I kept my temper, intreated her not to give too easy a belief to charges of such importance, on which the happiness, and perhaps the life of a fellow-being depended. " You are one of her minions too I suppose," said she, while anger inflamed her features ; and
hastily

hastily quitting the room, returned in a few moments with a young female servant, who entered with reluctance. "Come Nannette," said the unprincipled mistress, "don't fear to speak the truth; you are, I think, a pretty convincing evidence, and self-justice forces me to call on you; tell us all you know about Miss Northington's behaviour to Mr. Lambert, and her taking this picture (holding up the miniature)." The girl was a native of France; yet, in spite of her national audacity, trembled, blushed, and seemed incapable of obeying the command she had received. I saw she was but an unversed sinner, and conceived a hope of engaging her in *reality* to speak the truth, and put her abettors to shame. I was going to interrogate her, but Adela anticipated my design; springing from her seat, "Is it you Nannette," exclaimed she, "that is the false witness suborned to ruin me? Cruel, ungrateful Nannette! did I ever, in the smallest degree, injure you, that you should act thus?" "N - - o, M - - fs," stammered

mered out the girl. "Why then have you done this?" resumed Adela, "you are induced by money I fear; "but you, that I have heard boast of being a good Catholic, can you ever hope for the Redemption of Christ, or the intercession of his Mother, after such a wicked action? Consider how severe!" "What mean you," interrupted Mrs. Rhodes, "by thus terrifying the poor creature? she is perfectly astonished at your conduct, as well as myself. "Go Nannette," continued she, "and compose yourself, I will send for you again, poor thing she is quite agitated, innocent, and unused to such scenes." The girl was going, joyfully, to obey her, but I prevented her, saying, "No, no Madam, we cannot spare Mrs. Nannette at this juncture, when she seems in so happy a mood for confession." Powerful was the opposition to this step, but I triumphed by force of arm, literally. The spark of heroism, which Adela experienced, quickly vanished. Unable to wage war with her opponent, her only
reason

reason was a shower of tears, whose timely visit prevented, in all probability, the dangerous effects of an exertion far beyond her natural strength of mind ; an exertion which, at such a crisis, made me tremble. Nannette was, in spite of what I said, leaving the room ; I quitted the side of my ward, and flew to prevent her ; barricaded the door with my chair, in spite of Rhodes, (Lambert and the whole tribe up in arms against me) and seating my prize next me, commanded silence. That guilt is a coward, needs no demonstration ; but you will feel the force and truth of this assertion figuring your humble servant, who you know is neither a Goliath nor a Sampson, keeping two male adversaries and a zantippe at bay, and in spite of all they could say or do, exposing vice in all her native deformity. Professing equal friendship to both parties, I declared myself, with truth, actuated solely by justice, addressed myself to the remorse, the fear, the sympathy, the gratitude, and even the superstition of the penitent

penitent Nannette, and extorted a confession equal to the labours of all the monks in Christendom. Our Adela freed from every shadow of blame, her accusers ready to sink with confusion. On her knees, Nannette owned Lambert, partly by professions of love, partly by the aid of mammon, prevailed on her to rob Adela of her ring, and leave the picture in its stead. A key which she produced, and which exactly fitted the casket that held them, proved the truth of her assertions it was (she alledged) procured [by her employer, to effect his base design. She professed her love, her veneration for Adela, till jealousy, stirred up by every possible incitement, and a base thirst of gain drew her aside from rectitude; she wept, execrated herself and her cruel tempters, and was ashamed to ask forgiveness; but Adela, with the sweetness of an angel, raised, pardoned, and comforted her. For many minutes all else were silent; at last, with some hesitation, Mrs. Rhodes declared her innocence, said she too had been

been deceived, and threw all the blame on Lambert. But here she out-shot her mark, hopes of a reward, despicable as is the soul of this man, was insufficient to enable him alone to bear the stigma. He returned the charge with fury—"Was it not from you," said he, "I received the purse I gave Nannette? were not these your words?" "Take this my faithful Lambert, and free me from a hated incumbrance, a petty creature, who bears away the palm of triumph wherever she appears; thanks to the vitiated taste of the present age, who prefer such chits as her, to women in the prime of life—Women dignified by rank, and distinguished the queen of beauty and her attendant graces—Women that has seen princes at her feet, to be neglected for such a young, flirting drab as this, it is insupportable. Rid me of her any way, and secure me ever your friend." "Were not those your words, Madam?" again repeated the enraged tutor. Well might Mrs. Rhodes at this moment have represented
one

one of the furies, her features distorted with a variety of conflicting passions, every trace of boasted beauty fled, a deadly paleness overspread her face, she attempted to speak; but the scene was too much for Adela, she turned from it to me. May I, said she, claim your protection, here I cannot, dare not remain. I could make no reply; but taking her hand in mine, led her out of the house. Nannette had quitted the room before us, but meeting us at the door, threw the criminal purse on the table, and followed, weeping. A Neapolitan lady, a widow, in whose house I lodged, received my ward, doubly endeared to me by her distresses and her virtues, with the utmost tenderness, heard the story of her wrongs, and was indefatigable to render her as happy as the nature of things would admit. Nannette, at our joint intreaty, she received into her family. The Rhodes's left Naples; but Lambert, who was discharged, remained behind. We were preparing to set off for England, when a young gentleman,

man, our countryman, became a fellow-lodger; I had seen him often, and a something unspeakably prepossessing in his countenance, interested me in his favour.—Adela seldom quitted her apartment; but one day chance introduced this stranger she so often hear me mention to her; he proved to be a companion of her early years, the only brother of her dearest youthful friend, his name Theodore Amsbury. Their surprise and joy was mutual. He listened with emotion to the tale of her adventures, and offered her his hand; she was averse, but I over-ruled her pleas; his uncle was wrote to, his consent obtained, and they are married. That she will experience every happiness in the power of the deserving Amsbury. I have not the smallest doubt but to be the means of preventing a union so peculiarly flattering, as that now offered: can I prevent the obtrusion of self condemnation?

That I acted from the best of motives, is my only consolation. Adela knows not the recent

recent cause I have for repentance, and may she still remain ignorant of it. Be it your care to write Mrs. Lennard, and guard her against its disclosure.

The penitent Nannette is the attendant of the new married pair. Join with me in this pious and ardent wish; may they be blessed beyond their most sanguine hopes. Perhaps it was only ideal, but me thought even the happy Amsbury who has apparently obtained the summum bonum of earthly bliss, in the possession of all his soul aspired too, trembled, and seemed convulsed with agony when he pronounced the awful words that made Adela his.

Adieu. Remind my friends, I still exist, and anticipate, with me, the happy moment that gives me again to dear Old England.

G. HUGHES.

ADELA

ADELA,

TO

MRS. DELAMAINE.

Naples:

SUFFER me, dearest Madam, to unburden my heart from its heavy load of sorrow. Again let me pour out my soul in your affectionate bosom. Ah! copy not the unfeeling world; shut not your ears to the voice of distress; say not with them, I cannot avert, therefore cannot bear to see misfortune. Alas! what is this, but a cold disguise, snatched up to conceal the cruelty of their hearts? And permit me to add, the pride of them, who, because they cannot, or perhaps

perhaps will not alleviate by a pecuniary assistance, refuse the cheap and precious balm of consolation ; a gift in the power of poverty itself to bestow ; an invaluable blessing, which bears on its front the stamp of divinity. Refuse not then this blessing to her whose mind is the residence of complicated woe.

I am the victim of that irresolution, against which, my mother, with an ardor, which the event has proved prophetic, so often warned me : an irresolution, from the effects of which I have so often and severely smarted. But its final blow is now given ; it blocks up the portal of happiness, shuts out my brightest hopes, and leaves self accusation in their stead.

I dared to stain my till then unpoluted soul with perjury, by an alliance, at which I felt the strongest repugnance ; contrary to the checks of that unerring monitor within, I submitted my reason to the guidance of others ; in a case wherein our own hearts only can judge, and weakly obeyed the well
meant

meant, but mistaken lessons of prudence, by entering into a union the most solemn, with an alienated heart, a heart wholly devoted to another.

Surely, every good angel left my side at that fatal moment, and some malicious fiend impelled me to league with the murderers of the noble minded Ambsbury! Yes, Madam, I survive to tell you, for being my husband, has that most insatiate villain Budenal, imbrued his hands in the blood of him who merited, alas! a better fate. 'Tis hard to hear—very, very hard: but imagination shews him lingering on the borders of mortality, freed from the incumbrance of dust. Methinks he smiles on me with seraphic sweetness; beckons, and points the way to bliss; a tender regret then marks his features, and I lose him in the multiplicity of mental views. But whither am I wandering? Forgive me, my mind is all chaos.

Long have I been insensible to all around me. I dedicate to you the first gleam of returning reason; a little while, and I follow

low my ill fated husband. The owner of this hospitable dwelling supports me, to bid you, perhaps, a last adieu. To invoke the righteous dealer of justice, to reward your beneficence to a poor deserted orphan.

The friends of distress will find a friend in Heaven. This joyful hope gladdens my drooping spirit, and seems to raise me above this sublunary spot.

I know not what they have done with my Theodore; I know not by what means I am released from the power of those fiends in league, whose recollection convulses my soul, Budenal and Lambert. I only know I am in Naples, in the same house where Mr. Hughes conveyed me from the cruel Rhodes's; and a fair being who sits weeping by my side, comforts, and assures me she will undertake the task, for which I am unable. Should the summons which I hourly expect, prevent me from thus employing some future hour, she will relate the sad particulars that consigned your once loved Adela, to these peaceful mansions, which
seems

seems her only refuge, where furious passions can no more molest; and the clamorous voice of rancour is lost in eternal silence.

Again farewell, my highly valued friend; say for me all that gratitude can dictate, to my late worthy protector, and should you ever hear some poor retailer of scandal too busy with my fame, ah! rescue it from their foul aspersions; from the malicious venom of injustice. The picture, the villainy of Lambert! Mr. Hughes is well acquainted with. Why should I taint my pen with their recital; or my thoughts with their remembrance?

The gentle form by my side, warns me to conclude, my spirits are exhausted, and I reluctantly obey. Delay not your answer, I earnestly conjure you; perhaps a respite may be granted; at least to peruse the sympathetic testimony of your affection, and know what fate awaits my still dear Mrs. Lennard, and her deserving husband, for whom I am so warmly interested: others

there are for whose felicity I prostrate my
soul, with fervor, at the footstool of mercy.
Be you all blest with every possible good, is
the ardent prayer of

Your grateful

ADELA.

ADELA,

TO

MRS. DELAMAINE

Naples.

THE nearly extinguished spark of life
rekindles ; it is restored to a languid
blaze by the efforts of a female angel, whom
you shall know in turn. First join with me,
my beloved Mrs. Delamaine, in adoring
him

him who granted me such miraculous rescue; and listen to a narration, the recollection of which, still agonizes each feeble nerve.

Guided by some infernal power, the kindred spirits of Budenal and Lambert met at Naples, saw me the wife of Mr. Amfbury; saw us immediately depart for Flanders, and witnessed our adieu to Mr. Hughes.

My long devoted Theodore was all rapture. I strove to be happy; and grateful to Heaven and him, when several horsemen in disguise, stopped the carriage. Believing them robbers, I shrieked! and Mr. Amfbury supported me with one arm, offering them his purse with the other. But a tall figure, which seemed the chief, rejected it with an air of *bauteur*, saying in a feigned voice, "Keep your gold; the lady is the prize I pant for." At these dreadful words again I screamed, and became insensible; would to God I had ever remained so, but I was reserved to suffer more.

The first object I beheld on recovering, was my expiring husband, supported by that

fatal wretch Lambert. I sprang from the hold of a person behind me, and kneeling in the life-blood of the dying Theodore, held him in my arms, and supported his head on my bosom ; while, fixing on me his languid eyes, he pronounced an emphatical blessing, forgave his murderers ; said we should meet again, faltered out an adieu, and died.

I know not what I did ; but I remember an ardent prayer, for permission to follow him, and a tremulous voice, in accents scarcely articulate, begging me to quit this scene of woe. I lifted up my eyes, and beheld that destroyer Budenal, supporting the pale and almost lifeless Nannette, my faithful attendant.

Struck with horror, again I shrieked ! grasped the livid corps, and hid my face with its garments. In vain thy strove to appease me. Budenal knelt, wept, and even dared to palliate his crimes, by urging his most abhorred passion. Unable to bear this, a strong convulsion seized me ; I knew

no more, till I found myself in the power of the obdurate Budenal; who, unmoved by my tears, deaf to all my intreaties, inflexibly maintained his purpose.

In vain I remonstrated, in vain I begged to be sent to Flanders, to the uncle of Mr. Amisbury.

The depraved monster avowed his firm resolve, of never parting with me more, and the agony of my mind brought on a frenzy-fever.

The first ray of returning reason that visited me, I believed myself in the mansions of the blessed; and gazing at, what I supposed, a fair spirit sitting by my side, traced love, and sweet compassion in every blooming feature; and speaking to her as prompted by the illusion of my senses; a tear stole over her lovely cheek, and I felt myself still an inhabitant of this world.

Aided by youth, and the tenderness of those around me, I am rescued from present dissolution, and enabled to transmit you the following particulars.

My beauteous guardian is a lady whose hand was plighted, and her whole soul devolved, to that infatuated youth, who gave up every dazzling expectation to secure my hand:—deceived me to his own destruction, by shewing me a forged letter from his uncle; and deserted one of the most amiable of her sex, the charming young rich lady Ismena.

Yet the man who did this, was distinguished by almost every desirable endowment. Alas! what mortal is faultless? May it prove a *memento* to the thoughtless multitude dancing in the gayety of their hearts, on the verge of destruction, in future to avoid the dangerous precipice; for behold what misery is occasioned by a single deviation from the rule of right. May it guard the lover against a breach of faith; for be assured, whoever thou art that dares to break thy solemn vows, and leave a fond, believing heart to mourn. Impelled by passion, avarice, or irresolution, whatever is the motive, vengeance will follow you, with her
 tenfold

tenfold scourge. The God of Love turns his face from cruelty; and the recording angel, in anger, will insert it in that book, whence no pitying tear will blot it out, until it is done away, at least by corporal suffering.

Indeed much may be said to expiate the crime of my Amfbury. Unfortunately I was his first and only choice; the darling object of his fond regard; the attachment took root in childhood, and strengthened with his years. Long had his uncle designed for him a nobler alliance. The fair Ismena was the only child of his bosom friend, an English nobleman, drove from his native land, in early life, by some disastrous event, and recently consigned to the arms of death. From that period his avaricious friend marked down the heiress of his princely fortune, the future wife of his nephew; who, intimidated by a strong sense of dependance, hopeless of ever obtaining her, his heart had partially selected, coldly visited the lady; and wayward Cupid transfixed her heart,

with one of his keenest arrows. With infinite regret he beheld preparations making for their nuptials; when business of importance called him to Naples, and was welcomed by him, as a temporary respite. Lady Ismena mourned the separation, and melted by her fond attachment, he gave her the most solemn assurances of fidelity. But his unfortunate rencontre with me effaced both them and her from his remembrance; he thought of nothing but making me his, wrote a long and faithful narration to his uncle, saying on his concurrence every thing dear; nay, even life itself depended; and another to Lady Ismena equally explicit, ardently soliciting her generous influence. "A request from him," said the lovely mourner, "seemed a divine command, and I flew to obey it; but alas his inexorable uncle, instead of listening, shewed me a scrall without a signature, representing you in colours the most atrocious. A creature hackneyed in the ways of vice; a cast off mistress of an English nobleman. I saw the
hand

hand of dark malignity, but urged the truth in vain, begged him not to trifle with, or oppose the felicity of two virtuous hearts linked above, nor attend to the rancour of an anonymous scribbler, gave up my own claims to facilitate the wishes of him I loved; nay more, solemnly vowed, in sight of the all seeing Deity, my hand should never be his. But alas, this well meant conduct, served only to exasperate Mr. Fontinay the more; he assumed the air of a maniac, accused me of despicable meanness, and swore with the most horrid imprecations never to forgive or see his nephew again; and immediately calling for pen and ink, committed all the bitterness of his soul to paper, and dispatched it in my presence. Stung to the heart, I took my leave, and at leisure revolved my own hard lot; alas, what language can paint the exquisite tortures I at that period experienced. Wretched myself, the cause of wretchedness to others, and sometimes a perhaps would start up, that you might be such as was represented. Long I

I 5

wandered

wandered through my house and gardens, like a guilty ghost ; but a thought presented itself, propitious to him I loved dearer than life. I would see you both, and endeavour by promoting your mutual happiness to make it my own. I debated not long ; but hastening to Mr. Fontenay, declared my purpose. He pronounced me a lunatic, shewing me a second letter from Mr. Amf-bury, chiefly consisting of a repetition of the arguments he had before used, resting much on his uncle's hitherto fond indulgence ; and concluding with an avowal of being already married : and you, his charming bride, unconscious of the crime he had committed, was coming to throw yourself at his feet and solicit his blessing. Ah,—with what sweet eloquence did he plead your cause, and extoll your virtues, your ten-thousand graces?

What ! said the enraged uncle, does the fond boy suppose I will, like him, be the dupe of her blandishments ? No ! I will spurn the wanton from me, with all her smiles and graces. Miss Northington ; no,
no,

no, I am not to be deceived; it is all a trumped up tale; it is no Miss Northington, but some vile courtezan that has crept into his easy heart.

Unable to hear more, confirmed in my resolve, I left him determined to search and prepare you for the reception in store for you. Perhaps, said I, youth, beauty, and innocence kneeling at his feet, may move this abdurate heart; I will be their conductress: but a doubt started—will not the sight of me shock my beloved Ambsbury? It surely would at this juncture; but how could it be obviated? It was night; I consulted my pillow, and it removed every obstacle.

It said,—assume the habit of a page, and go on this errand of mercy. No austere parent, no crabbed guardian, had I to oppose my will. Sole mistress of myself and fortune, I arose with spirits as light as air, to put my design in execution; I had not an idea of your immediate departure from Naples; you surely would wait the answer of Mr. Fontenay. Thus assured, I left my habitation,

bitation, ere the god of day shewed his head,
 in the habit of a page ; with no other com-
 panion but a venerable man who resided in
 our family from my early remembrance, the
 friend and guide of my father's latter years.
 I look up to him as his substitute, and con-
 sult him in every exigency: mild, wise by
 experience, and truly benevolent by nature:
 I consider him as the messenger of heaven,
 and never yet transgressed his dictates. He
 smiled on my intentions, and gladness re-
 moved the cloud of my recent disappoint-
 ment, cheered by a self-approving mind, I
 forgot my own sorrow, in the joyful hope
 of dispelling yours. With rapidity we tra-
 velled till we gained sight of Naples, when
 a carriage going on with slow reluctant pace,
 drew our attention ; the blinds were drawn
 up; a gentleman, in whose aspect a fearful
 terror was impressed, rode by its side, and
 several attendants followed. We enquired
 if any accident had befallen them, but a sul-
 len negative was our reply, and the gentle-
 man regarded us with a kind of fierceness
 that

that terrified me, and gave rise to suspicion in my companion. Let us leave them, my dear Sir, said I; he assented, when a deep sigh proceeded from the carriage, and an interrupted voice said, in French, yes, Sir, my Lady, the best, the dearest of Ladies is dead; and her faithful Nannette will follow her.—Again all was silence; my spirits was seized with an unaccountable alarm, but our power was very limited, and we reluctantly left them. With a heavy heart I entered Naples; sought out the house from whence Mr. Amsbury's letter was dated, and learnt each circumstance of your marriage. But the name of your attendant Nannette, proved a clue, to guide us through the various windings, the indirect crooked ways of this dark mystery.

With the assistance of our worthy hostess, who in the brightest colours of truth, painted your virtues; my hoary mentor explored your dark abode, and from the trembling villain, Lambert! learnt the fate of—— Here her voice became inarticulate, and
we

we wept in each other's bosom. " Ah ! " continued she, " what a scene of iniquity was then disclosed ? I was unable to witness it, but anxiously waited the return of the enquirers, who brought with them a poor expiring form, a dear devoted victim ; need I repeat the name ? From my reverend friend I heard the sad particulars of your release ; in which the providential hand of Heaven spoke. The people of the house were obdurately proof against bribes, intreaties, and threatenings, and nought remained but force ; when, Mr. Lambert hearing the dispute, joined them, quivering with passion. He had just left his fellow assassin ; they had quarrelled for you—their prize, and anger impelled him to confession.

He spared no aggravating circumstance, and led them to the apartment that contained you. But a ghastly form, with fierce demeanor, opposed their entrance, and haughtily demanded their business ?—" We are come " mildly replied the venerable Gathaway, " to redress the cause of the injured."

Awhile

Awhile the unhappy man gazed at his reverend opponent, who spoke, unheard, of peace, pardon, and penitence. Budenal drawing his sword from its scabbard, after a horrid pause, brandished it with fury, saying, "This, then, is my last and only resource:—away, base intruding slaves!"—Seeing every mild effort ineffectual, the gray-haired champion of innocence, with wonderful agility, wrenched the sword out of his hand, and the base coward fled murmuring.

You were now their only care; raving in the height of frenzy!—your accommodations wretched—no attendant but poor Nannette—rendered by sorrow almost useless—the people of the house base sordid wretches—nought remained for you but an immediate removal: it was a dangerous expedient, but there was no other. A litter was provided;—with care and tenderness you were brought here;—reflection shewed us we had neglected one principal concern. |

The

“ The associate murderers were gone, none knew whither. But I lamented not this circumstance. Alas! could their blood recall him for whom I drop this tributary tear? Ah! no, rather let them live, and make their peace with the offended Majesty above.”

Here my lovely friend, my better angel ceased her melancholy narration, and raised her streaming eyes to Heaven.

I said little; but that little was the genuine effusions of a heart glowing with grateful affection. You know me, Madam; know me an Enthusiast; need I say, I know no medium in my approbations. I could almost adore this charming Lady Ismena; methinks her happiness is dearer than my own: my own is most probably lost for ever.

Flanders is my destined home: I go with my amiable friend. Surely Mr. Fontinay will not, cannot now refuse me an assylum: I would not willingly suppose a heart exists, capable of such obdurate cruelty.

Adieu!

Adieu! adieu! I anticipate the happy moment when I shall again trace your well-known hand. I have a task yet to perform, truly severe; a repetition of those sad pages to transmit the sister of my soul, that dear Louisa, now doubly endeared to me. How, dearest Madam, shall I support? how acquit myself of this cruel obligation? Fain, fain would I spare myself and her. My charming monitor points out a way:—"Write," says she, "to some other friend, who may alleviate the blow, to spare your mutual feelings." Yes, it shall be so; I will write to Mrs. Smith, she is all gentle benignity; and although she feels, she cannot feel so exquisitely, as a fond parent, and a doating sister. She will soften the horrid tale; she knows her Adela too well, to listen to Mrs. Rhodes. Thus assured, a faint consoling ray, darts through my soul. I follow Lady Ismena, and the venerable Gathaway, submitting to my fate with deep humility.

Again

Again I repeat my impatience to hear
from you. Again I repeat an affectionate
adieu. Thank all that are interested in my
fate, and believe me, while I exist,

Your's,

ADELA

ADELA

ADELA,

TO

MRS. DELAMAINE.

Flanders.

AFTER a long and painful interval, again it is permitted me to re-assume my pen, and hold converse with my absent friend.

Three months I remained at Naples, after my last letter to you. A relapse attended with a return of the delirium, was the cause. I will not attempt to describe the tenderness and un-remitting sollicitude of the all amiable Lady Ismena: it shames the weak efforts of such a memorialist, and calls
for

for the pen of an angel. Nannette too, the grateful creature, how shall I reward her fidelity? With what inexpressible anxiety has she watched over me; scarcely allowing herself the necessaries of food and rest. Can I then, dearest Madam, dare to repine? A zealous friend raised up almost miraculously, and a faithful servant, to administer to me in this hour of need. Should a complaint then pass my lips? Forbid it, heaven born Gratitude, and write thy precepts on my soul.

After my recovery, hopes of a letter from you, retarded our departure some weeks. Lady Ismena, kindly indulgent to my every wish, encouraged this hope. Mrs. Delamaine, she was well assured, could not neglect me at such a juncture. Thus each day was ushered in with the flattering presage of bringing the much wished for blessing; but left me the prey of keen disappointment. Wearied with fruitless expectation, at length I solicited my fair friend no longer to protract our journey; and bidding adieu to
our

our kind Neapolitan hostess, we arrived at this place a few days since.

Fain would I draw a veil over the scene that followed ; willingly would I forget what is a disgrace to humanity. But I have promised you a faithful narrative of facts, therefore must not suppress it.

Mr. Fontinay spurns me from his door ; calls me plausible Circe, who lured his unsuspecting nephew to destruction, and denounces curses on my head. Cruel man ! needed there this aggravation to my woes ? Till now I never could believe a heart existed capable of adding to the heavy load of such affliction.

He even pretends to believe I conspired with the murderers of my husband. Improbable belief ! What, alas, could be my inducement to ruin and destroy my only protector ? Where would be my gain ? Did not passion and prejudice drown the whispers of reason ; the facts themselves must exculpate me. But what will not disappointed

ed avarice, and blind rage, induce their votaries to believe ?

“ Be poverty, shame, and bitterness of soul your portion ; was the salutation I received, when Lady Ismena conducted me into his presence.”

Methinks it still revibrates in my ear.

“ Dare not,” added he, “ to practice your abominable arts on his fond parent, his doting sister. My poor boy has been your victim, let that suffice ; but dare not,” repeated he fiercely, “ attempt them. Be assured I will warn them against your delusions, and do you justice.”

“ His sister,” I replied with a voice scarcely articulate, “ his dear sister is the beloved friend of my soul : from infancy our hearts has been as one.”

Oh ! good Sir, wrong not thus cruelly yourself and me. His father knows, and”
——A torrent of tears spoke the rest, and my amiable comforter took up my cause ; described my birth, my misfortunes, my wrongs, while

while heavenly eloquence dwelt on her tongue. But instead of producing conviction, it only gained her the appellation of a poor easy dupe, and me an additional insult. Gracious God ! thought I, that any of thy creatures should be thus infatuated, and wilfully maintain such an obstinate cruelty, in opposition to every principle of humanity and religion. Stability of soul is a virtue worthy of culture ; but this unjust perseverance, how degrading to a being that calls himself the child of God ! The God of love and mercy, who to adopt himself to our low conceptions, has even stooped to assure his erring creatures, he repented of the punishment they had justly incurred. Pardon this digression, and return with me to my fair conductress ; who, highly exasperated at the unjust and implacable Mr. Fontinoy, arose, repeated with energy her advice of offering me reparation, ere it was too late, and with trembling steps, I followed her out of the house.

Never

Never did a poor liberated captive, feel a higher satisfaction, at being released from a dungeon, then I did on leaving this frowning persecutor.

In Lady Ismena's peaceful dwelling, where unanimity, benevolence, and every sister virtue resides, I experience all the felicity of which my situation will admit. It is a sacred assylum, opened by Heaven; and the beneficent owner, conjures me never to leave her.

But that must not be, every principle of justice forbids it; already have I cost her dear, and I fear for ever banished joy from her bosom.

Yet, the amiable creature enforces her intreaty with tears; unconscious that by constantly reminding her of him, whose loved idea engrosses her whole soul: I am a source of perpetual distress.

But, although she forgets her own interest, I will not; and though I despair of ever reaching so bright an example, I will humbly
walk

walk in her footsteps. I will sacrifice all the happiness I have to offer to the peace of my friend.

The good Mr. Gathaway incessantly labors to console us both. He does not austerey condemn our sorrow. He knows that deep impressions are not removed by rebuke. He is kind, and compassionate. Sympathizing with us, in reality, all that he does is kindly to insinuate motives of consolation which we over-look. Must not his skill be great which can make itself felt in the midst of such sorrowful considerations as prey upon both of us? Ah, why does not advice always put on a form like this? If every monitor were a philanthropist, would there be the perverseness there is in the world?

But these reflections have lead me from the resolution I was going to communicate. My design is to return to England. I know the pangs it will cost Lady Isinena and myself to separate; but I think it my duty, and from that I hope I shall never shrink.

My dear Mrs. Delamaine, my sorrows even cannot destroy all pleasure at the thought of again embracing you. It mixes in my bitter cup. For a moment, it seems even to predominate. Farewell, till I see you.

ADELA.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.